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1895



The Bullabaloo



Johns Hopkins University



Published by

Class of Ninety-Five

Dedicated

To

The Sons of Ninety-Five

Johns Hopkins University

To their Children and to their Children's Children
Even unto the Third and Fourth Generation

Prologue.



KIND FRIENDS :—Before the curtain rises and the performance begins, the Managers beg leave to offer a few words of introduction. In this moment the hopes and anxieties of many months of preparation reach their culmination. You little know the breathless interest with which your reception of this production is awaited behind the scenes. To please all tastes, a great variety will be presented,—broad farce, lurid melodrama, and sober tragedy. It is a matter of regret that there are no “stars” in the troupe; indeed, some of the artists of this aggregation take part much against their will. The just claim of the public, however, has overruled their excessive modesty, and they are expected to contribute their share of the entertainment with the best grace possible. If to your refined sense, the situations seem grotesque, the coloring gairish, or the light too strong, be assured it is inexperience rather than lack of good intention that permits any defects. Should this performance win from you a favorable verdict, the company will be encouraged to hope for success upon that larger stage on which they are billed to appear for an indefinite engagement after June next. A generous round of applause from this audience will amply repay all the efforts of

THE MANAGEMENT.

Hells.



We run this place, we do !
When the runs are many or few !
When the runs are many,
We run very well.
When the runs are few,—
We run like Hell !
We run this place, we do !

Hi ! Yi ! Yi ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

Hopkins ! '95 ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Hullabaloo ! Hullabatix !

Hopkins ! Hopkins ! '96.

Are we in it ?
I should smile !
We are in it
All the while !
Hopkins !

Hullabaloo ! Canuck ! Canuck !

Hullabaloo ! Canuck ! Canuck !

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! J. H. U. !

Gee Hee ! Gee Ha !

Gee Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

Dean ! Dean ! Dean !

Hoo, Wah, Hoo !
Hoo, Wah, Hoo !
'97 ! '97 !
J. H. U.

Rah, Johnny ! Rah, Hop !

Rah, Johnny Hopkins !

Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Black ! Blue ! Hopkins !

Hoo, Wah, Hoo !

Hoo, Wah, Hoo !

Hoo, Wah, Hoo, Wah !

J. H. U. !

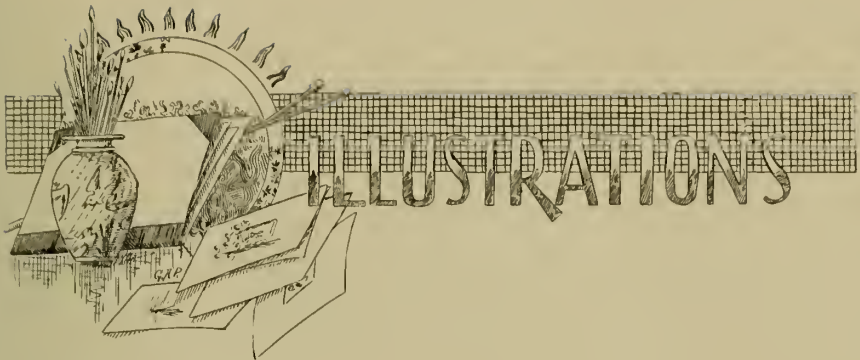


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BEFORE.



AFTER.

University Ode.

"Alma Mater."

[Dedicated to PRES. GILMAN.]

Words by
JOHN FRANKLIN JAMESON.
Ph. D. '82.

Music by
EDWIN LITCHFIELD TURNBULL.
A. B. '93.

Andante. (♩ = 132.)

Men's
Voices
in
Unison.

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line for Men's Voices in Unison and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note 'To' marked *mf*. The piano accompaniment starts with a triplet of eighth notes marked *mf*, followed by a series of chords and a melodic line in the right hand, and a bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked *Andante.* (♩ = 132.).

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'thee we come from far and near, Al - ma Ma - ter, bear - ing'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a melodic line in the right hand, and a bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked *Andante.* (♩ = 132.).

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Each his gifts to lay them here, Each thine hon - ors shar - ing'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a melodic line in the right hand, and a bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked *Andante.* (♩ = 132.).

Alma Mater.

cres.

At thy feet once more they sit, Find each year re-turn-ing, The

ff *pp rit.*

Torch at which our lamps we lit— Still se - rene - ly—

ff *dim.* *pp rit.*

mf

burn - ing. A - far we see that

p *a tempo.*

Ped. *♩* *

bea - con light, Hear a - broad thy prais - es, Oh feed that ho - ly

Alma Mater.

flame a-right, Till none more bright-ly blaz - es— We en-kind-ling

here a-new, Light of thy be-stow-ing, Bear us as thy ser-vants

cres. ff

ff

true..... On thine er-rands go-ing,

pp rit.

dim. rit. pp

Fill us with the high-est things. Oh be-nig-nant

a tempo

a tempo.

Alma Mater.

moth - er, All that lifts man, all that brings broth - er near to

broth - er, Spread the truth that mak - eth free,

cres.

cres.

Night to day - light turn - ing Let the world re - ceive from

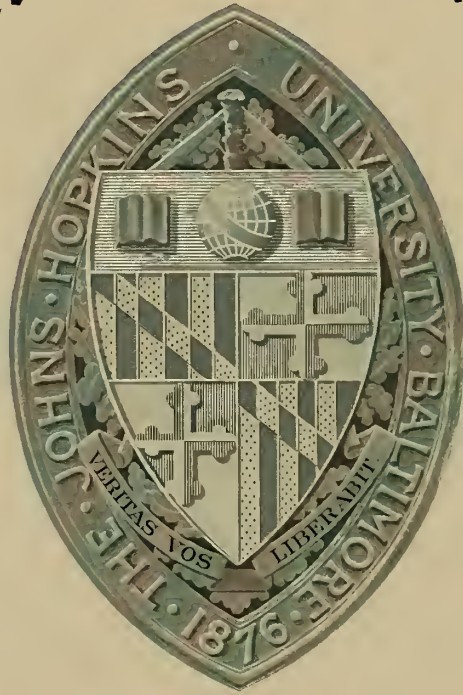
cres.

thee No - blest fruits of Learn - ing!

ff rit. rit. ad lib.

ff rit. ad lib.

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- J. BASCOM CRENSHAW, PH. D., *Instructor in Physical Training.*
A. M., Randolph Macon College, 1881; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University,
1893. Gymnasium.
- MELVIN BRANDOW, A. B., *Assistant Librarian.* 906 McCulloh St.
A. B., Rutgers College, 1888; Fellow, Johns Hopkins University, 1892-93.
- JACOB H. HOLLANDER, PH. D., *Assistant in Economics.* 212 N. Carey St.
A. B., Johns Hopkins University, 1891, Fellow, 1893-94, and Ph. D., 1894.
- EDWARD B. MATHEWS, PH. D., *Instructor in Mineralogy.*
A. B., Colby University, 1891; Fellow, Johns Hopkins University, 1893-94,
and Ph. D., 1894. 924 W. North Ave.
- C. CARROLL MARDEN, PH. D., *Instructor in Romance Languages.*
A. B., Johns Hopkins University, 1889, and Ph. D., 1894; Instructor, Univer-
sity of Michigan, 1890-91. 1218 W. Lexington St.
- EDWIN S. FAUST, PH. D., *Assistant in Physiological Chemistry.*
A. B., Johns Hopkins University, 1890; Ph. D., University of Munich, 1893.
1425 W. Lombard St.
- FONGER DEHAAN, *Assistant in Romance Languages.* 929 McCulloh St.
Fellow, Johns Hopkins University, 1894.

Lecturers before Different Departments of the University.

History and Politics.

- PROF. JOHN B. CLARK, PH. D., of Amherst College.
Twenty-five lectures on the *Relation of the State to Industry.*

ELGIN R. L. GOULD, PH. D., Statistician of the U. S. Department of Labor.
Twenty-five lectures on *Statistics*.

JAMES SCHOULER, LL. D., of Boston. (Lecturer in the Boston University, and
Author of "History of the United States under the Constitution.")
Twenty-five lectures on *State Constitutions and State Constitutional History*.

PROF. WOODROW WILSON, PH. D., LL. D., of Princeton College.
Twenty-five lectures on *Comparative Politics and Administration*.

HON. WILLIAM T. HARRIS, LL. D., U. S. Commissioner of Education.
Ten lectures on the *History of Education*.

Medicine.

JOHN S. BILLINGS, M. D., LL. D., Surgeon, U. S. Army, and Librarian of the
Surgeon-General's Office.

Physics (for Students of Medicine).

HARRY FIELDING REID, PH. D., Professor of Physics, Case School of Applied
Science. [1893-94.]

WILLIAM J. A. BLISS, PH. D., Instructor (*pro tem.*) in Physics, Woman's
College of Baltimore. [1894-95.]

Mathematics and Astronomy.

ALEXANDER S. CHESIN, PH. D.

Systematic Botany.

BOLLING W. BARTON, M. D.

Reader in Political Science.

WESTEL W. WILLOUGHBY, PH. D., of Washington, D. C.
Ten lectures on the *Theory of the State*.

University Lecturer on Palaeography.

PROF. J. RENDEL HARRIS, A. M., University of Cambridge, England.
Two lectures:

A Journey to the Convent of St. Katherine on Mount Sinai.
The New Syriac Gospels from Mount Sinai.

Endowed Lectureships.



Turnbull Lecturer.

PROF. GEORGE ADAMS SMITH,

University of Glasgow.

Subject, . . . Hebrew Poetry.

(These Lectures will not be delivered until Spring of 1896.)

Levering Lecturer.

PROF. WILLIAM MITCHELL RAMSAY,

University of Aberdeen.

Subject, . . . Journeys of St. Paul.

Donovan Lecturer.

PROF. CALEB T. WINCHESTER, A. M.,

Wesleyan University, Conn.

Subject, . . . Leading Writers of the Victorian Period.

MR. J. B. NOEL WYATT,

Has provided for the delivery of a course of three Lectures
during Winter of 1895-96.

Subjects, . . . Classical Architecture.

Gothic Architecture.

The Renaissance.

The lecturers selected are: PROF. WILLIAM R. WARE, of Columbia College; MR. HENRY VAN BRUNT, of Kansas City, and MR. C. HOWARD WALKER, of Boston.



PROFESSOR A. MARSHALL ELLIOTT.

Why I Love the Carlists.

BY A. MARSHALL ELLIOTT.



IT was the Autumn of 1872; the writer of the following little episode had returned to Madrid, after several months' residence in Lisbon, with the intention of making his way back to Florence, Italy, where he had lived for two years previously to going to the Iberian Peninsula. Here I had spent a year as a student, wandered extensively through Middle and Southern Spain, collected a host of local treasures in the line of rare Spanish books, dialect publications, striking costumes, Moorish curios, etc., such as only one who is familiar with the customs and traditions of a country could have the opportunity of bringing together. All these finds were stored in Madrid awaiting my return to *la bella Italia*, so that when I came back to the Spanish capital from Portugal in early September, I had little to do but address my boxes and set off to take my ship from Barcelona to Marseilles. This would seem easy enough to do for one unacquainted with Spain, but for one who has lived in the land of Quijote the trite maxim, "Save me from my friends," is often brought home to one with a force that is astonishingly real. So it happened on this occasion. I had gone to Spain with numerous letters which had given me entrée to a wide circle of acquaintances.

Many of these had become friends during my residence at the capital, so that when I expressed the intention of definitely leaving the country, it was the signal for a series of social séances and entertainments that seemed to be planned to last for eternity. The nonchalant spirit of a people embodied in the consoling and ever present *mañana*, *mañana*, to which the heart of every Spaniard is tuned, grew more and more attractive and irresistible to the enthusiastic lover of things Spanish; the "Egyptian Pots" (as an ardent foreigner apostrophises our Biblical "flesh-pots") held sway, only interrupted by gentle bull fights, at one of which I witnessed the solemn demise of five fine Sevil-

lian bulls, three miserable horses and a stupid *Toreador*; the *madrileñas* in veil, arranged to tempt the smaller saints, and wielding the irresistible fan to coquet with or capture the worldlings, seemed more fascinating than ever before, so that the reader will not wonder that a happy fortnight and a half had slipped by before the writer was able to tear himself away from these temptations. The resolution to "move on" suddenly came in the last days of September; my railway ticket for Barcelona was in my pocket, the boxes marked "Firenze, Italia," and with heavy heart I bade a host of friends *á Dios!* at the railway station. Presentiments of ill-fortune weighed upon me and made me loth to quit the delights of the Spanish capital; the newspapers had given, during my too short stay there, frequent and thrilling accounts of Carlist outrages in Catalonia: kidnappings, railway trains burned, passengers carried off as prisoners to serve as hostages for miserable vagabond brigands, who, under the flag of Don Carlos, were ravaging the whole of Northern Spain during the last months of the reign of Amadeo, second son of Victor Emmanuel. Only the day before my departure, a train on the route I was about to take had been robbed by a set of these vagrant cavaliers; the train was burned, women turned loose after giving up their valuables and most of their personal wardrobe, while the men were hustled into the mountains to await developments regarding the government troops, said to be in hot pursuit of the marauding party. This little episode and others of like import, though not so serious for the traveller, had been exaggerated in the popular fancy until the air of the capital seemed full of ominous rumors; the atrocities of the Carlistas were painted in deep and varied colors, so that much more seriousness than usual attached to the *buen viaje!* of friends who assembled to speed a parting traveller. So it was on the present occasion: many and repeated were the hand pressings, embracings, and *Vaya Usted con Dios!* sounded more than a simple cautious call to the friend about to move into a territory torn by intestine strife. Finally, we were off; the last view of Madrid soon melted away and we began the long monotonous pull across the plains of Castille and Aragon in the direction of Barcelona; the official epithet, "The Runner," as applied to our lumbering convoy, seemed a huge joke, for if there ever was a "Creeper," the Spanish express trains of those days belonged to this unenviable category. Ten hours of impatient yawning and uncomfortable dozing brought us to the proud city, Saragossa (capital of Aragon), distant about one hundred and seventy miles from Madrid. So commonplace had been the journey that all thought of brigands had vanished from our minds; but, half-

asleep, on my arrival at the Saragossa station, I was suddenly aroused by a great commotion on the platform. Before I had time to inquire the cause of the tumult, all passengers were ordered out of the train. We were hustled into the main waiting room, where the station-master appeared with lugubrious face, and in trembling tones informed us that great depredations had been perpetrated on the railway during the last forty-eight hours, two trains had been robbed and burned, but the government had sent troops to the scene and all was quiet at that moment and travel restored, but in view of the situation only third-class cars would be sent forward, equipped with a guard of fifty regulars from the army contingent at Saragossa; no women would be allowed on this train and only those male passengers could join the train who were willing to provide themselves with appropriate arms, obey orders and fight in case of emergency. Two hours were given us to decide who would go and to report ready for the start.

Such a scene of wild confusion as followed this announcement it has been my privilege of witnessing but few times in my life; women screamed, cried, swooned; children bawled and howled, men yelled vociferously, till the whole crowd worked itself into a perfect frenzy. After half an hour of bedlam, a nucleus began to form of the less excited spirits, and an officer on leave of absence from the revolution in Cuba started a list of names of those who desired to join the expedition. With the curiosity and dare-devil spirit of a young and adventurous American, my name went down among the first on that list, which in about an hour grew to fifty-two. The baggage was loaded in and we finally lined up on the platform behind our guard, each man provided with a pistol or revolver; orders were given to enter the train (consisting of three cars) by twos, and positions were assigned to each couple so that they might best be protected by the woodwork of the cars in case of attack; the guard was distributed equally throughout the three cars and, finally, we set out amid cheers of the multitude, who had collected to witness our departure, with hurrahs from the occupants of the train, the weak strain of a shepherd's flute on which a blind beggar piped for dear life, and the shrill notes of a bugle sounded by one of our guard. For hours everything went merrily as we pulled over the plains of Aragon; many a good story of war and love exploits was related as we grouped ourselves from the whole car about each raconteur who, standing, told of his triumphs with all the wealth of gesticulation and impressive facial expression characteristic of the Spanish race, to the eager listeners—some seated, others squatting in Moorish fashion, others hanging to the

wooden backs of the particular compartment where the story-teller happened to be. At short intervals, a halt in the narrative was called and an enthusiastic Catalan would propose a drink to the health of the narrator, each one drinking from whatever receptacle he chanced to have, the most common kit being the simple leather (pig-skin) pouch, in many curious shapes. One of the most pleasing memories I have of this Carlist experience is the remembrance of these picturesque groupings in that old third-class car: the long red *gorra* (Phrygian cap), the scarlet sash in which were thrust on one side a dirk (generally with ivory handle and red sheath) and, on the other, a revolver of which the well-polished hilt and hammer glistened in the sunlight, the knickers with variegated stockings, *gente de capa negra y de capa parda* (brown frieze cloak worn by the folk), the footgear of unique pattern—all these serving as decorations to lithe, graceful, well-formed figures, presented a variety of scene which, for striking effect, is not likely to be witnessed often or be forgotten when once seen.

The first review by the commanding officer of his untrained forces was held at historic Lerida on the river Segre. As we drew near the range of Catalanian Mountains these innocent and entertaining *contes* were interrupted by orders from the captain of the guard (in the first car) *al puesto!*—each man to his place—and to be ready on the instant for action. For the first few miles after this order was given, we moved on slowly and little was said except by a few old soldiers who were among the passengers; my window companion, for example, was a soldier on furlough from the army fighting the revolt in Cuba. These veterans kept up a running fire of jokes and *bons mots*, both touching one another and the cowardly Carlists; up, up the long grades, along the slopes, through tunnel after tunnel we pulled till suspense grew monotonous and we had almost concluded that all this provision of guards and arms and uncomfortable cars was a useless precaution; we were nearing the top of the mountain range and were soon to shoot down into the plain about Barcelona. It was between the small towns Cervera and Igualada, while moving at slow speed, I had run my revolver into my belt and was examining my cartridges, when we disappeared into a long tunnel; as the second car appeared again in the daylight, a yell that seemed to lift the train from the earth, met our ears, while a volley of musketry and small arms was poured into both sides of the train, which, an instant later, ran on to the ties, the rails of the railroad having been removed so as to assure an effective stop of the convoy. Until our train came to a stand-still, the Carlists remained under cover of the brush and irregulari-

ties of earth immediately lining the road; these few seconds enabled the passengers to get ready for action, each one placing himself behind the wood-work at the side of the car windows where he was stationed, so as to have the greatest protection, but almost before this was done a signal was given by the enemy, another yell arose from the earth, a grand rush was made for the train, yelling, bawling, screaming and firing as rapidly as possible. Two lines, the one a few paces behind the other, partly together, partly alternating, kept up, on both sides of us, a constant fire which the passengers, shielded by the line of wood-work of the cars, were able to return without injury. The unfortunate circumstance, however, on the part of the latter, was the fact that only twenty-five cartridges each had been considered sufficient ammunition for passengers when the supplies were dealt out at Saragossa; in the excitement of the situation, many of these were wasted by useless firing at the enemy while under partial or good cover; then, the inexperience in military matters of most of the passengers caused them to fire so wildly that the Carlists had little to suffer from the convoy, except by the guard, who, scattered through the different cars, were unable to concentrate their full force upon any given point of the enemy. The fact is, this distribution of our guard proved a great detriment to us, considering the number of the brigands. (It was supposed that about three hundred of them formed the attacking party.) The purpose of separating the guard was to encourage and strengthen the morale of the passengers and to preserve some kind of order in each car by the superior skill and cool, deliberate work of experienced soldiers; but this arrangement was made on the supposition that the enemy were to be much smaller in numbers than chanced to be the case in the present instance. The previous attacks on trains had been made by marauding parties not exceeding fifty men, so that when we were brought face to face with two or three hundred of these desperadoes, the whole action assumed more of the character of a real skirmish in legitimate warfare—in fact, for a few seconds at the opening of the battle, the passengers of the car in which fortune had placed me, seemed paralysed; it was not till the second volley by our contingent of the guard that the whole set of us, like so many scared idiots, began firing right and left, straight out anywhere so that we loaded our cartridges and blazed away. Fifteen minutes had not elapsed after our exit from the tunnel before it was evident that we should be beaten; two unsuccessful onslaughts by the brigands had been made on us, the enemy in each case falling back a few paces behind the natural protections of the *terrain* and the cover of improvised bulwarks of

stone and brush which they had taken the precaution to collect before our arrival; but there was method in their madness: from the wild firing on our part, it required but few minutes for their commander to recognize that our ammunition must soon be exhausted. Feints of attack were continued by the brigands every minute or two, these serving to increase the waste of our cartridges by increased rapidity of firing; finally the firing grew weaker along the line of the train. The brigand chief had arranged for a concerted attack at the same moment on both sides of our train; with a tremendous whoop and hurrah they rushed upon us like so many fiends, concentrating their attack upon the car where the firing was weakest; here a hand-to-hand conflict ensued for a minute, then all was over; the half-naked demons struggled through the windows while we pounded them with the butts of our revolvers, some of them striving to stab us with their dirks. The order to throw up our hands rang from a score of throats, and we were captured. The train line of resistance thus being broken, in a few minutes the ends of the line succumbed, our guard naturally being last to yield to the overwhelming number, the doors were opened in great confusion and we were ordered to descend from the cars. As I left the car, I picked out of the wooden frame-work next my window, a shining blade which the owner had intended to bury in my heart, the blow failing of its purpose through a timely shot from my revolver. Once on the ground we were all huddled together a few yards from the train, where we could easily see the operation of looting the baggage. This took but a few minutes; some of the most serviceable pieces were donned at once by the half-naked cavaliers, while the remainder was rapidly tied together in bundles suitable for hanging to the shoulders when on the march. Meanwhile fire had been set to the empty cars, so that by the time the baggage inspection was done we had a roaring fire that consumed all that had not been appropriated by our suave captors. In this miscellaneous lot to which fire was set, I witnessed the disappearance of books and all my belongings, outside of the sundry articles of clothing, such as pantaloons, coats, etc., which decorated the figures of several proud sons of Spain, varying in stature from the mountain pigmy to the noble figure of a modern Don Quijote. The situation was serious, but I do not remember to have laughed more heartily than when, while awaiting orders, we stood there surrounded by this brigade of tattered demalions, with hats, without hats; with *gorras*, without *gorras* (red caps); with shoes and without; jackets and no jackets; knickers and no knickers; one leg hosed, the other naked; shirts and no shirts; a big

flaming sash around the loins and a bandana kerchief about the neck; the remnants of a once beautiful and brilliant costume of a toreador about the shoulders and a pair of slouchy white (?) drawers on the legs—to complete the picture, the reader must fancy heads unshorn and unkempt for months (perhaps for years) with all the accumulations of filth and dirt naturally attending a rough life in the mountains and sleeping on the ground in the open, or in caves. While we were picketed alongside the bonfire, the commander of our captors stationed himself on a rise of ground near the prisoners. This seemed a favorable opportunity for me to make myself personally known to him; drawing my passport from my pocket, I gave it to one of our special guard who seemed a good-natured fellow, and asked him to hand it to his general. This document was covered with official hieroglyphics, old and out of date, hence perfectly worthless, but it had been viséed so often (two or three times in Spanish) and had the American Spread-Eagle at the top of it, that I thought perhaps it might impress his Military Highness, even if he should not understand a word of it. He seized the parchment, opened it nervously, glanced at it and ordered me brought before him instantly. I appeared; he asked what the document meant, who I was, and what I was doing in Spain. A minute's explanation sufficed; he called one of the subordinates and gave strict orders that he take special care of me, seeing that I should be comfortable at night, etc. Turning to me, he remarked: "Of course you know what will be the consequence in case the government troops press us," (meaning that the prisoners should be shot rather than surrendered,) to which I assented with a nonchalance which seemed especially pleasing to my new caretaker, though I confess it was totally unnatural to me at the time. I was marched through the cordon that surrounded my fellow captives, a few words were exchanged between my special protector and the good-natured guard, whereupon I was assigned a place in the coral where I might be under the supervision of this guard. The story of these details would make it seem as though a considerable time had elapsed since the fight stopped, but such was not the case, however; the moment the last shot was fired a squad of picked men constituted themselves as the prisoners' guard; another set, under command of superiors, attended to the baggage business; a third looked after the wounded, who were rather numerous, considering the protected positions behind which both parties fought. As far as I was able to learn, only four of the enemy were killed; the damages of the remainder being light gun-shot (from the train guard) or revolver-wounds that did not prevent transportation

of the recipient. The present writer, for example, received a shot in the side of the neck by a ball that glanced from some part of the wood-work of the car. This flesh-wound bled profusely, the neck soon stiffened and became painful in the later marching over the rough mountains, but aside from this inconvenience it did not amount to much. The bungling treatment at the hand of a so-called doctor, who amused himself in hacking me with a dull jack-knife, has left a tangible memento of the fray in the shape of a scar which I will have to wait for the translation of this body to another sphere to efface.

In almost less time than it takes here to tell the story, all the available property of the baggage car had been packed in bundles for the march, the severest cases of the wounded had slight attention, the whole train was well-ablaze, when the order rang out "to march." Our train guard headed the line, the remaining prisoners falling in behind them, the brigands well surrounding us, and their carriers bringing up the rear; thus we moved off at a moderate trot toward a ravine just behind the ridge where the robbery had taken place. In this sheltered, narrow defile our captors had encamped the night before and had left there a part of their commissary stores, consisting chiefly of *garbanzos* (chick-peas) and a small quantity of black bread; these were already loaded on donkeys held there for this purpose before the last of our column had arrived, so that no time was lost in hurrying us forward more out of range of a possible immediate attack by the government troops, who were supposed to be coming by rail to the scene of the attack. To delay any possible disturbance from this quarter, the railway track had been destroyed at points some miles ahead of us, and as soon as our train had passed two given points behind the place agreed upon by the brigands for the robbery, the tracks also here were torn up; we were thus in a sense isolated, and time was given not only to manipulate the affair with ease, but to get the prisoners far enough away before night-fall to enable good protection by the character of the mountains. From the temporary camping-ground of the previous night, the column was headed in a northeasterly by easterly direction toward Manresa, straight into the heart of the mountains, moving on small country roads, and pushing forward as rapidly as it was possible to do with so many prisoners unaccustomed (as I myself was) to much walking. The cool September weather, however, favored us, and though fourteen miles at a stretch was a hard pull for us, yet we compassed it, arriving about dusk in a well-sheltered mountain nook that had been previously selected for the night's encampment. While the pots were being hung to boil our *gar-*

banzos, we, the prisoners, were lined up and three officers proceeded to take the names, place of residence and business of each; then, with the exception of the government soldiers (who had a special guard), we were set loose and allowed to move about and converse at will with our companions. With the instincts of a true American, my first concern was to arrange for comfortable sleeping quarters, as the weather was cool, and I was very tired from the excitement over the fight and the subsequent forced march. A minute's interview with my special guardian set my mind at rest, so that when we were ordered to fall in line to get our *garbanzos*, I was well in front; I took the meagre portion, which was doled out to me, in my coat pocket, and immediately devoured it with the greatest avidity. I had taken the precaution in the morning, before leaving Saragossa, to secure a small bag of bread, meat, and chocolate, but, unfortunately, all this had been shared with my hungry *compagnons de voyage*, who had not laid in any provisions; the sudden addition of about a hundred mouths to the regular demand on the food-supply of this Carlist army was a strain for which the noble commissary department was ill-prepared; however, there were chick-peas enough and to spare for that night and the next day, and we were assured that a foraging expedition which would arrive in a few hours at a certain point on our route would enable us to revel in so varied and delicate flesh-pots, that we should all wish permanently to join the Pretender's ranks. Before the end of the line had gotten its rations, many of my comrades had gobbled their portion and quietly crouched down for the night. My turn came at last, when my protector called to me and indicated a "soft spot" on a big broad rock which he considered especially desirable for the night's repose. I did not dare to object, for I was to sleep with him, and after tying an extra kerchief about my wounded neck, turning up my coat collar, pinning my coat-tails together in front, and pulling down my slouch hat, I resigned myself to the "downy couch." I soon found myself growing chilly and sleep was impossible. Finally, my benefactor (with a subordinate officer) came to me, and each placing himself on either side of me, they drew the pretence of a blanket over the three of us. Sooner than I can narrate this little act of kindness, I was asleep and knew nothing till about daybreak the following morning. I then recognized the wisdom of my companions in selecting the rock for a bed; it was dry and had been warmed during the day by the sun's rays so that it did not chill one through as did the patches of earth on which most of my fellow prisoners had tried to sleep. The consequence was, that, barring a slight stiffness, I was ready for the second day's march, while

many others could hardly drag themselves about from extreme stiffness and pains in their legs. Before it was fairly light, we were started on the march, but this time quietly and apparently on the part of our captors without any apprehension of being pursued by troops. At eight o'clock a halt was called for another mess of *garbanzos*, which I frankly acknowledge tasted better to me than the finest terrapin or canvas-back that Baltimore hospitality has ever offered me. After these refreshments, the prisoners grew hilarious and struck up in chorus one after another of the popular songs of Spain as we began again the slow ascent over the mountains: the country was magnificent, the air most bracing, and had it not been for the great uncertainty of the immediate future, this little experience of brigand life would have been enjoyable in the extreme. The relations with our captors grew more and more pleasant; in fact, this day's march was for me the beginning of a friendly intercourse with my guardian, Medina, which lasted for years after my return from Spain, in the shape of an occasional interchange of letters, and should I return to the Peninsula I should surely hope to find my generous protector at his home in the celebrated old town Valladolid. Our day's march of fifteen miles was without special incident of interest; the site for our camp had been selected before the attack was made and here we were probably to stay indefinitely according to the secret divulged to me by my newly made Carlist friend. After the second night, which in a general way was but the repetition of the first, I had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with other officers of this peculiarly interesting army, and I lost no time on the second day of our captivity in seeking a special interview with the chief devil in this performance. He received me most courteously, listened with apparent interest to the story of my life in Spain and Portugal, asked numerous questions concerning Republican America (as he called the United States), expounded in eloquent and impressive language his ideal of good government as represented in Don Carlos as his Sovereign, and finally dismissed me with a very favorable impression of the generosity and high sense of honor of a brigand chief, but without the slightest idea as to whether he would make any exception in my case and release me before the native Spaniards were exchanged for Carlist prisoners held by the Spanish government. The subject of my early return had been the burden of my interview with him and through my protector I was encouraged to believe that I had made a good impression in presenting my petition. The third day came since our capture, and was passed in pitching stones (as quoits) for amusement; in jumping, wrestling, lolling in the sun, and planning some

possible means of escape, for I had no idea of staying quietly in these surroundings without a desperate effort for liberty. Under the pretence of a burning desire for geographical knowledge, as a foreigner, I pumped, in an innocent, naïve way, my benefactors as to the country between where we were stationed and the plain about Barcelona. I learned pretty accurately the valleys, the roads, the villages, the approximate distances, etc., so that I might in case of necessity know how to avail myself of any advantage in quietly moving from one point to another in this limited district; all this I had clearly formulated in my mind, so that I slept but little on this third night. I was full of speculations and plans of escape. The fourth day arrived, and after *garbanzos* (morning rations), I was again unexpectedly summoned before the commander who, in a most courteous and cavalier manner, informed me that he proposed to set me at liberty immediately, that I must swear by all the Saints not to divulge the position of their forces, and to leave Spain at the earliest possible moment. This I agreed to in the most solemn way, but fancy my astonishment and chagrin on being informed that though he regretted exceedingly to inconvenience me, as commander of forces sorely in want of clothing, he felt constrained to invite me to leave my wearing apparel with my friend Medina; I protested in a mild, unresisting tone, but to no use; necessity knew no law: my "duds" must grace a Carlist warrior, and in the summer costume of my worthy ancestor, Adam, I must hie me through this modern Eden to the distant city of Barcelona.

This might have seemed easy enough to do had I had only a few miles in which I was to sport myself in the mountain breezes, but the thought of a dreary pull of at least seven leagues, barefoot and without food, filled me for a moment with despair; however, the joyful prospect of having my freedom again in any circumstances immediately suggested itself to me, and I impatiently awaited orders for the escort which was to start me on my weary journey. Medina took charge of me, and after a dozen comrades had been selected for this special duty, they lined up, and I was ordered to fall in behind them. We thus marched through the crowd which had collected about me while I was waiting for arrangements to be made for the departure. As we passed slowly through the motley throng, they raised cheer after cheer, with many a hearty *¡Dios, vaya Usted con Dios!* (good-bye, good-bye!) to speed *el extranjero gallardo* (the jolly foreigner). Once out of the press, we shot off at quick-step into a ravine to the southeast of the camp whence I could easily, if left to myself, fall into one of the main routes leading to Barcelona. When about two miles from the camp, command was

given to halt, the escort formed an open circle about me ; my friend Medina entering the circle, in a voice moved by emotion said a few gentle, kind words to me ; then in military style gave the command: *desnudarse!* This function I proceeded to carry out with even more alacrity than that I used to practice in my struggle to dress for required prayers, when a student at dear old Harvard. My vestments lay in a heap on the ground. I took a fond last look at them, then turned with tragic mien and—"bolted ;" my guardians sent up a joyful shout, and in a moment I was out of sight. The morning sun had not yet cleared the mists from the valleys, and as I plunged into them I felt as though I were taking a shower-bath ; but the sense of freedom, the overpowering thought of soon being able to communicate with friends, the prospect of a speedy release from the discomforts of the past few days, made me insensible to my surroundings. I pushed forward at a pace which ever since has been a source of astonishment to me ; the only thing to which I could compare it was the training of men for a boat race which I used to witness at Harvard.

About six or eight miles out from the camp I began to feel foot-tender, and to have that peculiar tremolo so characteristic of overstrained muscle, when suddenly I overtook a peasant in an ox-cart lightly loaded with hay. The poor fellow was almost frightened out of his wits as I rushed upon him wheezing, puffing and blowing ; he bawled, yelled, swore in one breath, and reeled off *Ave-Marias* with the next, as though the devil himself had taken possession of him. At last he was induced to stop his team, while I explained as best I could my unhappy predicament. His wrath turned to kindness as soon as he took in the situation, so that he not only allowed me to bury myself for a time in his hay, but drew from his pocket and gave me a chunk of black bread, which I munched as I enjoyed my ride. For an hour I shared the good peasant's hospitality, but he was too slow for me in my excited state of mind, so I betook myself again to the highway, at first stiff and chilled by the rest, but I soon got into "good form," and a few hours after had the joy of seeing smoky Barcelona loom up in the distance, some ten miles away. It was then between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, according to the position of the sun. The impression which this view of Barcelona produced upon my mind can never be effaced ; it is almost as vivid now while I pen these lines as it was when first received. I stood on one of the lower ridges of the Catalonian mountains, and looking out toward the sea, could discern nothing but a black, smoky mist, which hung over the city of my deliverance, for

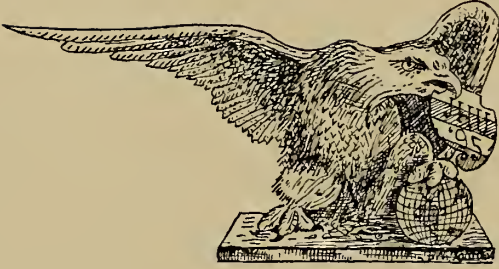
here was the ultimate goal of my hopes. With a courage and enthusiasm which seem to me incredible, I pressed forward, though my feet pained me greatly, and were bleeding enough to leave traces here and there on the roadway; finally, toward dark, I reached the outskirts of the city and was taken up into a donkey-cart, whose generous owner spread the news of me as we trundled through the streets, so that half an hour later, when we halted at the door of the office of the American Consul, we had a *cortège* of several hundred persons accompanying us, curious to see *el hombre* (the man) who had escaped from the Carlists. The Consul generously provided "food and raiment" for me in abundance, and telegraphed to my bankers, Messrs. Hottinguer & Cie., in Paris, who wired me money at once, so that in a few hours, save for my pedal misfortunes, no one could have recognized in me a hero of the late bandit outrage.

A striking coincidence must be noted in connection with the capture of the particular train on which I was travelling to Barcelona. The night boat for Marseilles which I should have taken had we arrived at Barcelona on time, was blown up at sea and only one person saved from the wreck. Had I not been captured, I should surely have been on this boat; as it is, I rejoice that I am able here to tell my story for the "Hullabaloo" of the Class of 1895, and this is "Why I love the Carlists."



THE RETREAT OF THE FUGITIVE.

Class of Ninety-Five.



Colors—BLUE AND WHITE.

Class Yell.

Hi! Yi! Yi!—Ha! Ha! Ha!

Hopkins '95—Rah! Rah! Rah!



Officers.

EDWARD SPILLER OLIVER, *President.*

BERTIE MCILVAINE TORRENCE, *Vice-President.*

CAMPBELL EASTER WATERS, *Secretary.*

JOSEPH MULLEN, JR., *Treasurer.*

GEORGE DOBBIN BROWN, *Poet.*

REUBEN CARLL FOSTER, *Historian.*

WILBUR WITHROW BALLAGH, *Prophet.*

HUMPHREY WARREN BUCKLER, *Delegate to Matriculate Society.*

Executive Committee.

JOHN DONALDSON PARKER.

BENJAMIN HARRISON BRANCH.

MARCUS KAUFMAN.

JOHN ANDREW ROBINSON.

WILLIAM WHITRIDGE WILLIAMS.



Wilbur H. Gallagher



Arthur Sherman Janssen



Harry Brant



Vernon B. Black



C. W. Martin Burch



George Deben E. Lane



Lawrence H. Brown



Warren Buelter



G. B. Clark

Members.

Wilbur Withrow Ballagh, B. Θ. II. . . . *Group VI* . . . New Jersey.

Assistant Business Manager of the "Hullabaloo," '95; Class Prophet, '95; Undergraduate Essay Prize, '94.

William Sherman Bansemer *Group VI* Baltimore.

Editor of the "Hullabaloo," '95; Class Treasurer, '93-'94; Chairman Reception Committee, Y. M. C. A.

Harry Bissing *Group II and Electricity*,
Baltimore.

Hanson Briscoe Black *Group I* . . . West Virginia.

Director of the Athletic Association, '92-'93; Banjo Club, '92-'93; '93-'94; Mandolin Club, '93-'94; Class Football Team, '94-'95.

Charles Henry Hardin Branch, K. A . . . *Group I* Maryland.

Woodyear Scholarship, '93-'94; Class Secretary, '93-'94; Class Football Team, '94-'95.

George Dobbin Brown *Group I* Maryland.

Class Poet, '95.

Lawrason Brown, Φ. K. Ψ. *Group III* Baltimore.

Editor and Business Manager of the "Hullabaloo," '95; Class President, '92-'93; '93-'94; Director of the Athletic Association, '93-'94; '94-'95; Vice-President of the Athletic Association, '93-'94; Varsity Football Team, '92-'93; Captain Varsity Football Team, '93-'94; Class Football Team, '94-'95; Varsity Baseball Team, '91-'92; '92-'93; Captain Varsity Baseball Team, '93-'94; Committee Field Sports, '93; Marshal Commemoration Day, '93; '94; '95; Commencement Usher, '93; Reception Committee, Y. M. C. A., '94; Vice-President, Y. M. C. A., '92-'93; Hopkins Correspondent "Herald," '93-'94; '94-'95.

Warren Buckler, A. Δ. Φ. *Group III* Baltimore.

Editor of the "Hullabaloo," '95; Delegate to the Matriculate Society, '94-'95; Commencement Usher, '94; Commemoration Usher, '95; Chairman Class Executive Committee, '93-'94; Hopkins Correspondent of the "News," '94-'95.

Charles Bevan Clark, Φ. K. Ψ. *Group II* Baltimore.

Delegate to the Matriculate Society, '92-'93; '93-'94; Delegate at Large to the Matriculate Society, '94-'95; Class Football Team, '94-'95.



James O. ...



R. Carl Foster



George Gray



Milton D. Greenbaum



Frank B. ...



T. T. ...



W. O. Jones



Frank L. ...



Harold ...

- Gilbert Abraham Coblens *Group VI* Baltimore.
Hopkins Scholar, '92-'93; '93-'94; Honorary Hopkins Scholar, '94-'95.
- R. Carll Foster, Φ. Γ. Δ. *Group VII* Baltimore.
Class Vice-President, '92-'93; Class Historian, '94-'95; Manager Class
Football Team, '94-'95.
- James Daton Gallagher, Φ. Γ. Δ. . . . *Group III* Ohio.
- George Herbert Gray *Group III* Baltimore.
- Milton Daniel Greenbaum *Group VI* Baltimore.
Hopkins Scholar, '94-'95.
- Roland Bridendall Harvey, Δ. Φ. . . . *Group IV* Baltimore.
Editor of the "Hullabaloo," '95; Class Historian, '93-'94; President
Taney Debating Society, '94-'95; Class Football Team, '94-'95.
- Henry Harken Hubner, Φ. Γ. Δ. *Group VI* Baltimore.
- George Oscar James *Group II* Virginia.
- Stuart Symington Janney, Δ. Φ. *Group VII*. . . . Baltimore.
Editor of the "Hullabaloo," '95; 'Varsity Football Team, '92-'93; '93-'94;
Captain Class Football Team, '94-'95; 'Varsity Lacrosse Team, '92-'93;
'93-'94; Class Executive Committee, '92-'93; Hopkins Scholar, '92-'93;
Honorary Hopkins Scholar, '93-'94; Delegate Maryland Inter-Collegiate
Football Association; Usher, Commemoration Day, '93; Vice-President
of the Matriculate Society, '94-'95; Director of the Athletic Association,
'94-'95; Captain 'Varsity Football Team, '94-'95.
- Marcus Kaufman *Group VI* Baltimore.
Class Executive Committee, '94-'95; Hopkins Scholar, '92-'93; Honorary
Hopkins Scholar, '93-'94; '94-'95.



Lewis H. Kelvert



Edward J. Oliver



John D. Parker



D. K. Pindell



J. T. L. Lammie



L. R. Better



John A. McArthur



William F. Fisher



E. L. Lammie

Charles Alexander Kilvert, A. Δ. Φ. . . . *Group VI* . . . Rhode Island.

Editor of the "Hullabaloo," '95; Captain Scrub Football Team, '94-'95; Class Football Team, '94-'95; Manager 'Varsity Baseball Team, '94-'95; Usher, Commemoration Day, '95.

Julian Sidney Morss *Group I* . . . Pennsylvania.

Class Football Team, '94-'95.

Edward Spiller Oliver. *Group VI* Baltimore.

Editor-in-Chief of the "Hullabaloo," '95; Class President, '94-'95; Class Football Team, '94-'95; Hopkins Scholar, '92-'93; Honorary Hopkins Scholar, '93-'94; '94-'95; Marshal, Commemoration Day, '95.

John Donaldson Parker, Δ. Φ. *Group VI* Maryland.

Chairman Class Executive Committee, '94-'95; Substitute 'Varsity Baseball team, '93-'94; Captain Scrub Baseball Team, '93-'94; Marshal, Commemoration Day, '95.

David Sterrett Pindell, *Group II* Maryland.

Scrub Baseball Team, '92-'93; 'Varsity Baseball Team, '93-'94; Scrub Football Team, '93-'94; Class Football Team, '94-'95; Woodyear Scholar, '93-'94.

Jacob Hall Pleasants, Jr., A. Δ. Φ. *Group III* Baltimore.

Editor of the "Hullabaloo," '95; Manager 'Varsity Lacrosse Team, '93-'94; '94-'95; Manager 'Varsity Baseball Team, '94-'95 (*resigned*); Manager Scrub Football Team, '93-'94; Secretary and Treasurer of the Hopkins Lacrosse Association, '92-'93; Delegate to the Inter-Collegiate Lacrosse Association, '93-'94; '94-'95; Executive Committee of the Inter-Collegiate Lacrosse Association, '93-'94; Secretary-Treasurer of the Inter-Collegiate Lacrosse Association, '94-'95; Usher, Commemoration Day, '93; '94; Usher, Commencement Day, '93.

Gustave Rudolf Pøtter. *Group I* Baltimore.

John Andrew Robinson, Φ. Γ. Δ. *Group VI* Baltimore.

Class Secretary, '92-'93; Class Vice-President, '93-'94; Class Football Team, '94-'95; Class Executive Committee, '94-'95.

Sylvan Rosenheim *Group III* Baltimore.

Class Football Team, '94-'95.

Glanville Yeisley Rusk, Φ. Θ. Ψ. *Group III* Baltimore.



Oliver H. Johnson



Hanson Thomas



Nathaniel M. Brown



C. B. Waters



A. C. Watkins



H. A. Whitaker



Charles H. Miller



C. H. Miller



J. S. Miller

Edgar Randolph Strobel *Group III* Baltimore.

John Hanson Thomas, A. Δ. Φ. *Group IV* Baltimore.

Editor of the "Hullabaloo," '95; Manager 'Varsity Baseball Team, '92-'93; '93-'94; Manager 'Varsity Football Team, '94-'95 (*resigned*); Delegate to the Maryland Inter-Collegiate Football Association; Tennis Committee, '92-'93; '93-'94; President of the Matriculate Society, '94-'95; Secretary of the Matriculate Society, '93-'94; Usher, Commemoration Day, '93; '94; '95; Usher, Commencement Day, '93; '94; Director of the Athletic Association, '93-'94; '94-'95; Class Executive Committee, '92-'93; '93-'94.

Bertie McIlvaine Torrence, Δ. Φ. *Group IV* Pennsylvania.

Assistant Business Manager of the "Hullabaloo," '95; Class Vice-President, '94-'95; Usher, Commencement Day, '93-'94; Usher, Commemoration Day, '93-'94; '95; Class Football Team, '94-'95.

Campbell Easter Waters, Φ. Γ. Δ. *Group IV* Baltimore.

Class Treasurer, '92-'93; Class Secretary, '94-'95; Secretary Naturalist's Field Club, '93-'94; '94-'95; 2nd Vice-President of the Y. M. C. A., '93-'94; Hopkins Scholar, '92-'93; '93-'94; '94-'95.

Arthur Charles Watkins, Φ. Κ. Ψ. *Group I* Baltimore.

Undergraduate Prize for Oratory, '95.

Henry A. Whitaker *Group II* Maryland.

'Varsity Football Team, '94-'95; Scrub Football Team, '93-'94; Class Football Team, '94-'95.

William Whitridge Williams, A. Δ. Φ. *Group III* Baltimore.

'Varsity Baseball Team, '93-'94; 'Varsity Hockey Team, '94-'95; Class Executive Committee, '92-'93; '93-'94; '94-'95; Usher, Commencement Day, '94; Usher, Commemoration Day, '94.

William Wingert, Φ. Θ. Ψ. *Group VI* Maryland.

President Hopkins Debating Society.

Electrical Students.

Benjamin Harrison Branch, K. A. Maryland.

Class Executive Committee, '94-'95.

Joseph Mullen, Jr Baltimore.

Class Treasurer, '94-'95.

Honorary Members.



Shirley Plumer Austin	Pennsylvania.
William Henry Bateman	Baltimore.
Béthel Boude	Baltimore.
Robert Burton	Baltimore.
Arthur Pickens Calhoun	Georgia.
Charles Carroll	Maryland.
Earnest Houston Carson	Baltimore.
Warren Harlan Crampton	Baltimore.
Benjamin Franklin Emerich	Illinois.
Edward McCulloh Fisher	Maryland.
William Olin Forbes	Kansas.
Leo Victor Friedman	Ohio.
Leedom S. Fugette	Baltimore.
Samuel Peachy Latané	Baltimore.
Ellis Barcroft Long	Baltimore.
John Louis McClung	West Virginia.
William H. Mulliken, Jr.	Baltimore.
Francis Deak Pollak	New Jersey.
Charles Deardorff Smoot	Baltimore.
George Kean Stiles	Baltimore.
Curtis Harrod Thomson	District of Columbia.
Jacob Michael Umstadter	Virginia.
Henry Williams	Baltimore.
Thomas Charles Williams, Jr.	Baltimore.
George William Witte	South Carolina.

Publications by Members of Class of Ninety=Five.



PLEASANTS, J. HALL, JR. The Family Mniotiltidæ in Baltimore County.
(*Johns Hopkins University Circulars*, No. 111, 1894)

WATERS, CAMPBELL E. Some Rare Ferns Found near Baltimore.
(*Johns Hopkins University Circulars*, No. 116, 1895.)

A New Analytical Key for Ferns, Based on the Stipes.
(*Johns Hopkins University Circulars*, 1895.)

Notes on *Dioscorea villosa*, *Geranium maculatum*, etc.
(*Popular Science News*, XXVI, 3, 1892.)

A Rare Baltimore Fern—*Cheilanthes vestita* Scoz.
(*Popular Science News*, XXVI, 8, 1892.)

Cheilanthes vestita Scoz.
(*Popular Science News*, XXVII, 4, 1893.)

Equisetum hyemale L.
(*Linnean Fern Bulletin*, No. 6, 1894. Reprinted in "The Observer,"
V, 10, 1893.)

Aspidium cristatum Scoz.
(*Linnean Fern Bulletin*, No. 1, 1893.)

Forking Fronds.
(*Linnean Fern Bulletin*, No. 2, 1893.)

Fern Localities.
(*Linnean Fern Bulletin*, No. 3, 1894.)

Pellaea atropurpurea Link.
(*Linnean Fern Bulletin*, No. 5, 1894.)

Ninety-Five Class Poem.



Loudly we raise our joyful praise
To thee, Alma Mater, to thee,
Who, in the time of our life-forming youth,
Caring for us with the tenderest ruth,
Gavest us all the great treasure of Truth,
E'er in our hearts to be.

Treasure whose worth's far more than all earth's
Greedily gathered in gold,—
Sought from the dawn of historical day
Thro' numberless nations' rise and decay,—
Ever still sought with a zeal naught can stay,—
Treasure unvalued, untold.

Truth that can win the spirit from sin,—
Truth that can raise the low life
To knowledge of matter and motion and mind,
Of number and shape,—to high thoughts of mankind;
Truth thou hast given us—taught how to find,
Arming us thus for earth's strife.

Thanks, then, for Truth. Yet has man's youth
Other high need of man's heart,—
Need of the happiness only friends give,—
Need of the love that alone can achieve
Miracles, making life worthy to live,
Here, too, thou filledst thy part.

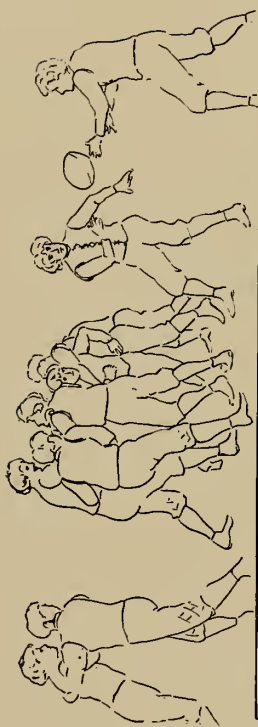
For many's the day happy and gay
We've spent in these few fleeting years,
With fellows whose hearts are as fresh as the sea,—
Who live and love all that is noble and free
From sin and from self. Fast friends they and we;
Let's liken our lives to theirs.

There's one that I know whose days seem to flow
As happy and strong as a stream
That winds from its home in the hills to the ocean,
Unwooded by machinery's marring devotion,
But learning from rock and from reed every motion
That floats thro' its soul like a dream.

Then, who could give half of that good hearty laugh
With which Stuart the Sturdy dispels
The blues that are brooding about the big class,
When dark is the day and the rain falls *en masse*,
Or when Logic is hard, or exam.'s we've to pass,
Or when teachers do *not* perceive bells?

However our life be saddened by strife,
We'll chuckle o'er tales by the score
Of Roland the Ready, who of course knows it all,—
Of John the Illogical,—Hanson the Tall,—
And then, to leave off (for this isn't roll-call),
Of Oliver asking for more.

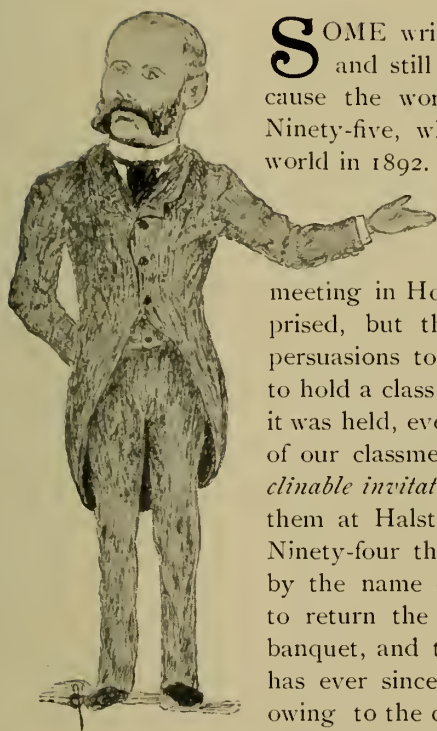
And therefore to thee, Alma Mater, do we,
The class with whom none can dare strive,
Sing praises unceasing, and honor thy name,
Whom proud in the privilege ever we'll claim
As her by whose help and thro' whom we became
The Glorious Great Ninety-five.



Gleece Rev. 307-95



History of Class of Ninety-Five.



SOME write for amusement, others for reputation, and still others for filthy lucre, but we write because the world asks for the history of the Class of Ninety-five, which made its débüt into the collegiate world in 1892.

The first intimation that the upper classes had of our formidable entrance was the notice posted for the first class meeting in Hopkins Hall. Of course, they were surprised, but the meeting was held in spite of their persuasions to the contrary; and then it was decided to hold a class banquet at "St. Jimmie's Hotle," and it was held, even if Ninety-four did enjoy the company of our classmen to such a degree as to offer an *indeclinable invitation* to one of our number to dine with them at Halstead's. But it is not to the discredit of Ninety-four that that member was thereafter known by the name of "Hungry Joe." Of course, we had to return the hospitality when Ninety-four held their banquet, and that "music-loving spirit" of their class has ever since had a well-fed appearance. However, owing to the diplomacy displayed by Hanson Thomas, the tactful chairman of the banquet committee, our banquet was held, and the enjoyment of those present was further enhanced by the telegrams and messages received from "Hungry Joe," in which he gave us the menu of the dinner he was enjoying at the expense of Ninety-four. Some of the speeches that were made were indicative of the learned dispositions of the members of Ninety-five, especially shown by that on "The Golden Bull, the Father of the Golden Calf," by Ballagh; and "Anarchy, as I Compound It," by Whitaker; and "Embryonic Psychology," by Harvey; all of which

were placed among the records of the Maryland Historical Society by Hubner, who has become so interested in the historical work, owing to the influence of Doctors Emmott and Steiner. The songs that we sang, too, will always bring back tender (?) recollections of the *flute-like* voices of Robinson and Williams, and after the banquet the *séance* that was held with Ninety-four, at the corner of Howard and Madison Streets, the result of which was decided by the "Wager of Battle" between Kilvert and the Ninety-four man.

But our Freshman year had to unfold into the Junior, just as "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." No year in college is richer in happiness than the Junior year. The Junior is the one above all other students who feels that he is especially identified with the college. He has risen above the life of the previous class with the consciousness that after all the Freshman year occupies a subordinate place in college, and is but a stepping-stone to the broader life beyond. The Junior has outlived the verdancy of the Freshman, and is free from the cares of the Senior, for that high place is not separated from care.

As the second year opened we realized the fact that there was an incoming generation whom it was our duty to train and bring up in the straight and narrow way in which it should go. In order to facilitate this, the Faculty suggested to our class that we have printed a proclamation, in which would be laid down precepts which the Freshmen could "run and read" (I mean, read and run). Through the assistance of the Faculty these proclamations were posted around the University buildings, and were eagerly studied by the Freshmen.

When Ninety-six determined to hold their first class meeting, Ninety-five showed her generous spirit by attending the meeting, and assisted Ninety-six to organize, but were hindered in doing this as satisfactorily as was desired, by the old law that "two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time," the application of which was that the Dean and a student cannot pass through a window at the same time in opposite directions.

The institution of Pot Socials was another means of promoting a more thorough "mixing together" of the students, and under the leadership of the "Colonel," they were a source of keen enjoyment to all the participants. And when young Nelson happened to be the victim, and Rosenheim one of the Socialists, it was more sport to watch the result than to keep up the "Pot," and all hands, even Rusk, with his head

bent to one side, would step aside to watch the interesting case of Outing Club *versus* B. A. C.

At Commemoration Day exercises, on February twenty-second, there was given an interesting "Outdoor Athletic Exhibition," which at least proved interesting to the assembled spectators and the Faculty, but the enjoyment of which was not fully appreciated by the class of Ninety-six, although they had every opportunity offered them to have a nice, *cool* time of it. But the truth of the matter is, they started out wrong—they should have known better than to take only *one* cane with them, for when James or Branch should take that away from them, they had no more to count on to keep up their prematurely assumed dignity, which really did not fit them very well. It was remarkable to notice how much interest the members of the Faculty took in the exercises of the day; no doubt every one thanked the gods for the blessing of a Commemoration Day, and I am sure that all wished it could come several times a year instead of once. The only objectionable feature of the day was the vindictive spirit displayed by Gray, Strobel, Coblenz, *et al.*, who thought no mercy ought to be shown to the members of Ninety-six.

Who of the class does not recall with pleasure the banquet at the Equitable, the enjoyment of which was enhanced by the endeavors of Ninety-six to learn just how it was that Ninety-five held such successful banquets; but we fear their committee found Lawrie Brown rather uncommunicative on the subject when they took their little trip together to Catonsville, and even more so when he returned to Baltimore alone the next morning to keep an engagement which he "really had to, you know."

And then the circus. Well, everybody went to the circus, even several squads of policemen, "to see the wild animals and the big buffalo," according to the words in the song as sung by Pindell. The circus itself was about the same as it has ever been, but the crowd there was far more interesting than the events going on in the ring. To begin with, the policemen liked the same part of the tent that the Hopkins crowd did, and so we had our hands full in the effort to keep Kaufman and Waters from making too much noise; and one could not help noticing what an attraction the giddy female riders, in abbreviated costumes, had for Pleasants and Bansemer. But the climax was reached when the main performance was over and the crowd had moved into the side-show. The historian feels sure it was on account of the efforts of Torrence to get a better sight of Miss Uno, the snake-charmer,

that her platform toppled over and the cops interfered, and Parker was hied off to the cold, cold dungeon of the station-house; but, thanks to "Touch-down" Black, the moneyed man of the class, he did not have to spend the night there, although the captain said he had some matters he wished to ask Parker's advice about, and he would talk them over with him next morning at half-past six. But no connection can be established between that fact and the somewhat novel statement made in European History Class the same day by Parker, to the effect that—"In 1713 the discovery of the passage around the Cape of Good Hope was made, and this, linked with the discovery of America, *which occurred some years after*, caused the decay of the power of Venice."

But the escapades and pleasures of the Junior year had to give way to the more serious considerations of the Senior year, and every man, even Happy Charlie, begins to realize that L. E. P. really has to be conquered. Perhaps the more serious faces worn by the Seniors may be due to the losses sustained by the withdrawal of Stiles, Emerich, and other active (?) men of our class. Perhaps the experience of pulling tulips from Eutaw Place to wear at a Matriculate Dance may have tended to make the face of Seward Jenny less of a circle. The religious enthusiasm of Buckler, no doubt, causes his face to wear the grave expression that it does, or it may be his participation in the Living Pictures. George Brown assumes his usual discreet silence in the class-room, for which he has been noted in previous years. Of course Oliver is the receptacle of knowledge of the class; and second only to Oliver is Greenbaum, whose assumed sagacity is inversely proportional to his real knowledge. Then there are among our number those who, when they go to the class-rooms, even teach the instructors in their own branches.

It has always been a source of regret that the Hopkins did not have a strong football team, and when the 'Varsity team disbanded, there was only one thing left to do in order to arouse interest in football—to organize class teams. It can be said with confidence that the enthusiasm awakened in the members of the different classes equaled all expectation, and was marked by the participation in the game by men who previously had taken no interest whatever in it. As to the result of the inter-classic games, all that is necessary to say is that several years ago it was found that the best means of encouraging football interest was for the Juniors to win the championship, because by that means the interest was carried on into the following year; while if the Seniors should carry off the victory the University would be in as bad a fix the year following on

account of the winners graduating, and leaving the Juniors to struggle along without the enthusiasm caused by victory. Little as the Class of Ninety-five relished it, they were, however, public-spirited enough to consider the future football interest at the University rather than their own personal feelings, and the result was that Ninety-six won the championship.

It has been found that more interest has been taken in our class meetings since the inauguration of the custom of adjourning to Montgomery's for an informal class supper. Every member of the class who has been present at these will testify to his enjoyment of them, in spite of the effect that some of the conversation of Lawrie Brown might have on the others.

But if the Class of Ninety-five has obtained fame from one source more than another, it is that they first introduced the custom of Seniors wearing mortar-board caps around the University. What a feeling of pride they experienced when they marched into McCoy Hall on Commemoration Day, every man of the class adorned as to his head with the long-wished-for mortar-board, with its jaunty blue and black tassel hanging over the edge; and the lower classmen looked on with appropriate reverence, and in the eyes of many there was that far-away look which betokened that the individual was lost in contemplation of the proud moment when he would be entitled to don the mark of distinction.

Even after this preparation every reader who has lived among Hopkins undergraduates can appreciate the convulsion that seized the University when Ninety-five held a class meeting and added to the cap the regulation gown. There were traditions of the frantic struggle made by the one-time Class of Ninety-two to introduce this innovation, and everybody knew how flat the effort had fallen. It is the eternal glory, laud, and honor of the Class of Ninety-five that she modestly and quietly *adopted* cap and gown, and *wore* them. The envious rumors started by lower classmen that there was not a man in Ninety-five who could raise the necessary to buy a gown, were amply—nay, overwhelmingly—refuted. Ninety-five spoke, and the deed was done. She has set her fame beyond the reach of all ages to come.

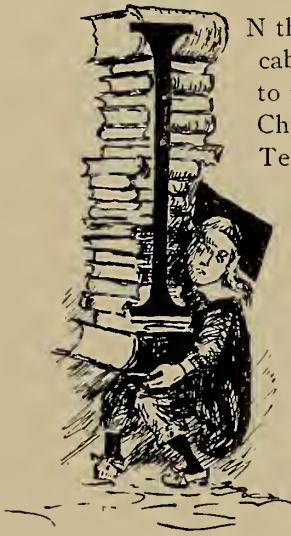
The historian does not intend to give you a detailed account of the achievements of his class: that would occupy the whole of this volume. He has been authorized by the class to publish a history of its life and great deeds, for the especial edification and enlightenment of future generations. It is only necessary to say in closing that, Fates willing, we shall graduate on the fourteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord, One thousand eight hundred and ninety-five. SELAH,

Prophecy.

"Show me the boy and I'll show you the man."—Old adage.



[Being the remains of a MS. found in the ruins of Baltimer, the chief city of prehistoric America, relating to the tribe of "Ninety-five," and published under the auspices of the Geographical Society of the Republic of West Africa, A.D., 3000.]



IN the year 1920, on the 1st of April, I stepped from the cable car in front of my office in Pekin, and ran up stairs to my morning's duties, where a blue and white uniformed Chinese boy was awaiting me with the patience of his race. Tearing open the familiar yellow envelope that he handed me, I read the following message:

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Inventor and Patentee.

N. B.—Do not pay Messenger Boy unless stamped in *red* ink. Extra charge for delivery to Mars.

B. M. TORRENCE,
General Manager.

To Sporting Editor "Imperial Gazette," Pekin, Annexed Japan:

Come to Baltimore at once. A mess in educational circles.
Big chance for a scoop.

LAWRASON BROWN.

The need of my presence was evidently urgent, and the word "scoop" aroused my journalistic instincts to their highest pitch.

Brown I had heard of at odd intervals since leaving the University. First, in connection with Gray, he had made a venture in the line of his university training by publishing "The Complete Biologist," a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of that science. Gray proved

an efficient partner in this line. His habit of objecting to the statements of the Dean in L. E. P. throughout his Senior year, had turned him out a critic of the first water. The profits were shared equally until the published results of some daring experiments incurred the enmity of Drs. Rusk and Buckler who were secretly experimenting in the same line.

Dr. Buckler's well known administrative ability at once suggested the idea of a colossal Biological Trust, which was immediately carried into execution with the aid of certain distinguished German scholars, and henceforward investigations had been carried on under the supervision of the International Biological and Chemical Trust, and knowledge, especially that about germs, dealt out to the masses in dilute and harmless quantities—at so much a deal. Meanwhile the popular and suave Dr. J. Hall Pleasants, when he could tear himself away from his large and lucrative society practice, carried on University Extension lectures in cities removed from the beneficent influence of the Trust.

Brown and Gray, being excluded from this Twentieth Century association of savants, still hung together, and their magazine, dying a natural death, turned to journalism proper. The consolidated *Baltimore American* became, under their alert and skillful management, the most widely read scientific newspaper of the day.

It is only a few hours from Pekin to Port Arthur by rail, and at once on reaching the latter place I secured a berth on the electric triple-screw ocean greyhound "Enterprise," which sailed for San Francisco, via Korea and Yokohama, that afternoon. This line of American vessels had opened a new era of foreign travel, and future civilization has to thank Messrs. Robinson and James for the enterprise and daring which has opened so wide a field for its mollifying influence. James, after leaving college, when convinced of the futility and danger of his experiments with the penetrating power of glass tubes and the explosive force of argon, had drifted into law. He was not successful there for he could not break himself of the habit formed in L. E. P. of asking questions that were, to say the least, unanswerable. His experimental genius again coming to the front, incepted the idea of the electric ship. Robinson, who had made a fortune with his voice, supplied the capital and the company was formed.

Watkins, no longer employing his mighty brain in devising shortcuts to learning, had left off raising whiskers and devoted his surplus energy to going cross lots geographically, and as a result, his line of aviators or aeroplane flying machines made regular (?) trips from St.

Petersburg to New York, stopping at the more important intermediate points. But all such inventions have the inconvenient habit of getting lost in the upper strata of the atmosphere.

At Seoul, in the Japanese province of Korea, I found time to run up and see my old friend Carll Foster, who was Prime Minister and Economic Advisor of the Viceroy. Foster had obtained his present high position as the reward of pure merit. His ideas in relation to the *practical* operation of railroads had reaped a golden harvest for the Mikado's government. His premature baldness, caused by close application to the relation between the white blood corpuscles, endeared his shiny pate to celestial eyes. It was in great demand to ornament the front rows on first nights. When Robinson was not starring in American Grand Opera, (formerly known as the Paint and Powder Club of Baltimore), he spent weeks with Foster telling the stories accumulated in the season's travel and teaching royalty the great American game. Carll delivered all his court speeches in Dago, (he also spoke Italian, learned after leaving the Hopkins,) because the natives thought his arguments sounder in that guise.

When I pulled the royal door-bell the sight that met my eyes astonished me, but I recovered when I recognized the apparition as "Joe Stiles," a sometime member of our glorious class. He rejoiced in a limitless red necktie, several yards of which were wrapped about his person, while the fringed end, thrown gracefully over his shoulder, "coquetted with the breeze." (He informed me of this latter fact in his own characteristic accent.) The never-to-be-forgotten odor of one of Theodore's cigars still floated from a stump held vice-like by his teeth. (He told me that they were getting scarce now, so he smoked them the second time on a silver toothpick.) George had not been there long, and was serving with his unequalled capacity as Lord High Unparalleled Plenipotentiary Gustator of the Royal Viands. He said that he did not like state dinners, because * * * * *

[NOTE BY THE EDITORS.—The MS. is here so much obliterated that the translators have been unable to make out the original meaning.]

At last, after ten days' weary travel, I was nearing Baltimore. Memories of happy, irresponsible college days came crowding thick and fast. I could again see the girls stare and hear the pickaninnies gibe at the innovation of the mortar-boards of '95. I was awakened from my reverie by the trainboy shouting, "Yer's yer latest pamphlets by Oliver and Kaufman on 'Capital and Labor;' bran' new history by Umstadter,

'Is Marriage a Failure; or, My Experience with the Heavenly Twins.' " Attracted by the names, I looked over the boy's assortment and found " The Complete Bartender's Guide; or, the Art of Mixing Drinks," by George D. Brown; also a treatise on " Nineteenth Century Manicuring," by Hanson Black, the cover illustrated by a full-page portrait of himself in a Van Dyke beard, engaged in his favorite occupation. The legend underneath the portrait was in the style of the celebrated Lydia E. Pinkham. I purchased them all and the trainboy was still hunting for change when the shriek of the compressed-air whistle on the electro-locomotive and the plunge into the B. and O. tunnel, just completed, notified me that I had reached my journey's end. * * * * *

While Mrs. Brown was putting the children to bed in the nursery, Lawrie led me to his library, a cosy little den where, insconced in comfortable leather arm chairs, we smoked our cigars and talked of the present and the past.

" It seems rather odd," I said, " to find Curtis Bay such a popular suburb of Baltimore." " That's so, it has changed somewhat," assented Lawrie. " You see, it is nearer Annapolis, which makes the peace and quiet so pronounced. Senator Johnny Parker lives next door. He always did like the country, you know. He is running a sort of Lexow Committee investigating the conduct of the Baltimore police. Several flagrant violations of the law have occurred recently at the spring circuses, and if John believes in anything it is a well conducted circus. He has also been investigating the condition of the interior of the Baltimore station-houses and has a bill before the Legislature to prohibit the giving of false names for the police blotter."

" That was a beautiful large farm I noticed coming down in the car."

" That's Pindell's thousand-acre farm. It supplies all the Baltimore theaters with cabbages. By the way, does the town look familiar?"

" Very, I noticed that they were tearing up Howard street."

" Yes, we are going to have a sewage system soon."

" What are those huge black and blue posters that are covering the billboards around town?"

" Oh, they are for Sampson Sandow Janney. He is on the road now. You remember that Corbett and the original Sandow had a fight and killed each other. The public were clamoring for a strong man, Janney appeared, filled the bill, gave up his position of caring for the tulips on Eutaw Place, and is now making money and reputation fast."

" Can he break quarters?"

"No, only five-dollar bills. They say he is very good on the shell-game and in all guessing contests."

"They seem to be refitting the Auditorium; what are they going to do to it now?"

"It is in the hands of Hardin Branch, brother to the one who invented Branch's hair restorer and joined the seven Northerland Brothers. Hardin is a little undecided whether to run a Sunday school convention there for the next two weeks or a living-picture show. Hardin studied conscientiously for the ministry and received a call to Sheepshead Bay, L. I. There he got in trouble with the committee on building the new parsonage because he insisted on having his study built to overlook the race-course. The committee objected and Hardin threw up his pastorate in disgust. He is in consultation with Hanson Thomas, who has always been a pillar of the institution on Howard street, and together they hope to strike a combination that will solve the problem to their financial benefit."

"Who was that distinguished looking gentleman in the high silk hat and sack coat that was standing on the corner when we turned in at your gate? I noticed that you bowed to him. His face is slightly familiar to me, barring the English side-whiskers."

"That's Lawyer Harvey, one of the most influential men of this section. He does not practice, however, since he won his reputation on his argument against the incorporation of Towson. He is actively engaged as a promoter now and will float almost any scheme in an incredibly short space of time. It was through his efforts that Watkin's flying machine became a practical fact. He it was also, who suggested to President Robinson of the Ocean Navigation Co. the plan of employing Billy William's voice as a reverberator to lure his vessels past the rocks of the Golden Gate in foggy weather. When Billy's voice is not in requisition he does duty as a lighthouse."

Brown smiled slightly as he drew a letter from his pocket. "This is from Whittaker," he remarked. "He has been holding the chair of scientific football in the Indian School at Carlisle for the past two years, and he complains that the students treat him too much as one of themselves. In this letter he urges me to find him a preparation that will make a dark complexion lighter." We laughed together at our old friend's predicament and the conversation swung back once more to Baltimore.

"What has become of Mard McWhallister Greenbaum?" I inquired. "Has he still such a large circle of 'ladifrens?'"

“Oh yes, he has become the society leader of Eutaw Place.”

* * * * *

In our walk about the University we found that the *personnel* of the institution had changed somewhat. We missed the usual urbane smile that used to greet us in the President's office, its owner having been compelled by overwork to devote a year to travel. The new National University at Washington had honored him with its call to the President's chair, which he had just accepted, and his resignation from the Johns Hopkins was the indirect cause of Lawrie's aerogram.

Dr. Oliver walked about with us and showed us all over McCoy Hall, as he had been deputed to extend this courtesy to all visitors in the absence of the President. He said that the record of persons shown over McCoy Hall up to date was 4088 males and 9665 females, besides the Woman's College. Oliver was getting so portly that at a little distance he might easily be mistaken for either Dr. Warren or the graduate student in English. He had married a woman graduate of the medical school and the four little Olivers all wore mortar-boards.

* * * * *

“Tell Mr. Bansemer to step into the private office,” he said to the boy, then turning to me, Brown went on: “You see it is this way, the National University is pressing the Hopkins hard, both from the fact of its greater accommodations for and inducements to athletic students and because of its greater resources, being the exponent of the Capital party. Dr. Gilman's resignation has come in a most inconvenient time and has brought matters to a climax —” He was interrupted by the entrance of William Tecumseh Sherman Bansemer, who appeared the Chaucerian Man of Lawe that he was. His features had not changed materially and he was much the same as ever, with the exception that a pair of gold-bowed glasses compelled him to keep his lashes trimmed. Will shook hands with me cordially and found a chair, while Brown resumed: “As I was saying, the National is rapidly damaging the Hopkins' self-esteem as the *only* university in America, but feeling that there was a more imminent crisis than that, I asked Bansemer here to employ his legal and investigating acumen to discover what the real trouble was. He has come here this morning to give us the result of his investigations.”

“It will hardly be necessary to explain,” commenced Bansemer, “that the late political revolution by which the old party lines of Republicanism and Democracy were merged into the new ones of organized

Capital and organized Labor has left the country in a sadly unsettled state. Social orders and factions are everywhere upon the point of ebullition, and it is to be feared that the non-sectarian (Quaker) and non-partisan institutions will be torn in pieces by the conflicting elements. It has come to my knowledge that a coalition of rich and influential Hebrews has been formed, who have for their purpose the appropriation of the Hopkins to their sectarian, educational and social needs. As soon as Dr. Gilman's resignation was announced, the coalition secretly brought all their power to bear on the trustees, desiring the nomination of his successor to that important office."

"Well, but I don't see ——" I began.

"If the trustees do not yield the presidency to them," broke in Brown, "they will withdraw the Hebrew students in a body and that will wreck the University, you know."

"Do you know whom the coalition will select as its candidate?"

"I am not certain," Bansemer answered. "Dr. Oliver thinks it will be either Coblens or Kaufman. Both are famous scholars, you know, and both exert a large literary influence. After many years of rivalry in their post-graduate course, they obtained their Ph. D.'s. The succeeding years have been devoted to accumulating material after the 'Hopkins Method.' They each wrote a history of the motives of the *Nation's* criticism of Professor Adam's 'Life of Jared Sparks.' But, unhappily, they advocated different views and their former friendship was turned to enmity. Coblens has grown smaller with years of study and now he has shrunk and shrivelled to two feet, a forehead and eyeglasses. Kaufman has, on the contrary, prospered and grown stout. He married a rosy-cheeked fraulein, who captured his heart in Berlin."

* * * * *

Clark's reception room was a mass of flowers, lights and evening clothes. After paying our *devoirs* to the hosts, Harvey and I stood aside looking over the brilliant throng for familiar faces. A tall, dark man, with a petite blonde on his arm, drifted into an eddy of the restless human current and paused just opposite.

"That's Hubner with his wife," said Harvey. "They have a beautiful country house out near Catonsville. In a recent newspaper contest for the laziest man in Baltimore, Harry received an overwhelming majority of votes. The country estate was the prize and he now enjoys an enviable distinction in society."

At a sign from the hostess, the large folding doors to the right were opened, disclosing another large room filled with chairs arranged to face

an impromptu stage curtained with crimson drapery. Clark explained that he had arranged this pleasant little surprise as a tribute to the theatrical ability of several of our friends. The curtain rose to a tableau or two; there was a clever bit of acting in a skit on the latest society play in which Kilvert walked across the stage with a cane and was warmly applauded; then the curtain fell for a longer time of preparation behind it and an excited buzz of conversation rose from the assembled company.

“What is coming next?” I asked Harvey.

“Dr. Buckler is going to pose in his famous living picture of ‘*Sic Semper Tyrannis; or Take Your Foot off my Neck.*’ The stage lost a very promising member when Buckler seriously resolved to give up anatomy and devote himself to biology.”

“Isn’t that Bertie Torrence down there?” “Why, yes; so it is! I wonder when he got back from Pittsburgh. His experience with the ‘Hullabaloo’ gave him a taste for business managing which he has followed in his connection with the aerogram company. For years he was an artistic sign painter. He made his greatest hit when he painted ‘*Use Sapolio*’ on the Matterhorn in letters that attracted Pøtter’s attention in a little Swiss village thirty miles away. Pøtter thought over the advice until he resolved to be a better man. He went out and had a haircut and since then has been steadily improving himself until to-night you see him sober, clothed, and in his right mind leading the orchestra.”

“What has become of Morss?”

“Oh, he married Mrs. Lilliandsoforth of Honolulu and has taken his wife on a lecturing tour.”

The silvery tinkle of the curtain bell caused an expectant hush to fall on the company. It was rudely disturbed by the hurried entrance of an individual in the black uniform and white bands of a Parkhurst detective.

“Yer can’t have none of that in here. Yer aint got no license!” indicating the half-raised curtain with a disgusted gesture.

Surely I know that voice, thought I, and so, surely enough, I soon recognized the excited individual as Strobel. Harvey told me later that his mind had become embittered by his separation from Rusk and that he had had himself appointed a special policeman of the Parkhurst Society in the hopes of being able to revenge himself on his former friend. Strobel was alike obdurate to the explanations and pacifications of Clark, and to the indignant remonstrances of the guests. He declined to permit Buckler to exhibit his classical tableau and the pleasure of the evening was on the verge of being spoilt, when Pøtter, with great presence of

mind, struck up a spirited two-step and soon even Strobel was dancing gaily with the rest. * * * * *

"I am always glad to go to Clark's," said Hubner, knocking the ashes off his cigar. "Most social functions bore me, but Charley manages these things with an ease acquired only by long experience in the matriculate society."

"I think his cheerful, beaming face has a good deal to do with his success," observed Harvey. "When I see that all-embracing smile, rising like a fullmoon on a Christmas sleighride, I feel young again."

"He promised us his hearty support in maintaining the independence of the University—and now it seems to me," said Lawrie, plunging immediately into the subject in which he was interested, heart and soul, "that with Bansemer and Hubner as lawyers, Harvey as general advisor and strategyman, and Clark, with his bank to back us up, we ought to be able to do something."

"Yes, let's do something," we all chimed in.

"We must be cautious," stagewhispered Harvey, "we must be cautious. Let us sow the seeds of discord among them. Rabbi Rosenheim will electioneer for Kaufman, and Greenbaum has a tremendous society pull that he can exert for Coblens. If we can raise the excitement to fever heat between the two candidates, we can stave off the National's overtures and gain time for our lawyers to get this thing before the Supreme Court where Judge Waters will give us a righteous decision."

"Harvey, you have a great head," said Bansemer admiringly.

"Did I understand you to say *Rabbi* Rosenheim, a moment ago?" I inquired.

"Yes, he has changed his calling since you knew him. He emulated Janney for some years as a travelling athlete until an unfortunate accident changed the *tout ensemble* of his figure. He then renounced the world and has since been delighting the public in his capacity as sacred orator." * * * * *

The excitement ran high and by the skillful manipulations of Harvey the coalition became dismembered and divided against itself. Bansemer prepared a brief that exceeded our most sanguine expectations. The court granted the stay we had hoped for, but the trustees still hesitated between the two horns of the dilemma. Finally, under Clark's golden touch and persuasive smile, Greenbaum turned State's evidence, and the trustees hastened to elect Edward S. Oliver the second president of the Johns Hopkins University.

The trouble between capital and labor was rapidly drawing to a head and now the storm was about to break. Here I come to the most dramatic part of my narration and that which more nearly concerns the journalistic value of my visit East. On the night after Oliver's election a large crowd gathered in George Brown's saloon, where they were addressed by the disappointed candidates. The mob becoming infuriated—

* * * * *

[The rest of the MS. has not yet been translated. Only a line or two here and there is legible; much of it is entirely destroyed. Yet in its present fragmentary condition it is believed that it will be of service to the public in throwing light on the customs of this ancient people, and especially in regard to the internal evidence of those mighty forces which were even then reconstructing society.—Eds.]





Class of Ninety-Six.

Colors—MAROON AND WHITE.

Class Yell.

Hullabaloo! Hullabalix!

Hopkins! Hopkins! '96!!



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The History of the Deeds of the Sons of Ninety-Six.

Tanto Nomini Nullum Par Elogium.



When on a frosty winter's night
The crimson embers brightly glow,
Whilst each of us, a lonely wight,
Slow toasts his slippered feet, you know.
Fill up, each son, his fav'rite pipe—
Companion of his musing hours—
With rare old Turkish golden ripe,
Sweet boon to man from heavenly powers:
And conning o'er this lustrous page,
Which Ninety-six to mem'ry calls—
The idyl of a college stage,
The echo from old college halls—
Call forth in glee each bachelor ghost
To reveries of by-gone days,
When Ninety-six, that gallant host,
High crownèd, wore victorious bays.

THERE was a stir among the starry host of heaven at the nativity of the Class of Ninety-six, whilst reverend astrologers drew down weird tomes from off Time's musty bookshelves, and, sagely adjusting their spectacles, read therein momentous auguries of a future gloriously presaged by doughty old Mars, belted in deep maroon and resplendent in the high vault of the night. It was a wondrous time. The wraith of Christopher Columbus had just rediscovered, in the "Porkopolis" of the West, a new world hidden in the roistering fin-de-siècle carnival of a Midway Plaisance. Dr. Parkhurst, the renowned tiger-hunter, had just brought New York to light and, in conjunction with Ward McAllister, was describing society as he had found it. Queen Victoria, Alexander III, and Ferdinand VII still occupied the respective thrones of England, Russia and Baltimore, the latter and most absolute of the trio exemplifying the truth of the old adage that "money makes the mayor go"—into office. Dear old misguided Coxey had not yet trespassed on

the grass; Bill Nye, Chauncey Depew and "Hungry Joe" were in the zenith of their brightness, and all the world moved merrily to the dulcet tones of Father Time's fiddle. It was a famous era in which the antiquities of a long buried past were brought to light, and on its brightest day, Ninety-six rediscovered to a college world at large, Johns Hopkins obscured in undergraduate somnolence. For Ninety-six came hand-in-hand with a renaissance, a revival of all good things that were, and an inexhaustible store of good things to come; of college sports and college feeling, of good-fellowship and class spirit. The antique conservative régime crowned with the cobwebs of dormant glories and faded laurels passed away, and Ninety-six entered Hopkins upon the flood-tide of prosperous innovation.

The first laurel wreath around which our memories linger was awarded us upon the night we first won a University championship—proud forerunner of many more to be—by defeating Ninety-five in a tug-of-war. We were the debutants of the year and should, therefore, have been unsophisticated neophytes, but alas! I chronicle not what should be, but what is—we were precocious beyond our years. The tale of that night is brief: we came, we were seen, we conquered, yea verily, by some three goodly inches.

When the echoes of our victory had scarcely died away in the "Gym," thirty jovial, ardent disciples of Epicurus, Bacchus and Tobacchus sat round a mirthful board at Rennert's. Amid jest and hilarity unbounded, many a hearty toast was drunk, many a soulful utterance given, and repartée sparkled as blithely as the red Gascon wine. Long tales were told of college escapades, of outwitted Juniors and irate professors, of classes cut and queer excuses, of dark midnight deeds within the suburban solitudes of Catonsville, of all that lends to youth and college days a charming halo. O long-to-be-remembered night, your jolly ghost alone reminds us of a by-gone revel!

The next thing upon the year's programme was the selection of a class pin. The pin adopted was, in form, a shield gracefully symmetrical, upon which was emblazoned the maroon and white of Ninety-six, with the legend in simple gold lettering, "'96, J. H. U." The rococo work upon the edges was chaste and delicately traced in gold. The pin in its entirety was artistic and original, and was widely praised.

Upon Commemoration Day we earned the right to carry canes—a thing few Freshman classes do. A huge cane, decked with our colors, was protected by a phalanx of our boys ranged in a hollow square. This trophy was successfully defended against all the onslaughts of the

enraged upper classmen—a fact which caused the “powers that be,” but were not, much undue dismay and excitement. So passed away the glory of our Freshman year; a long record of the subversion of Hopkins tradition, of unwonted Freshman victories and consequent celebrations; it will be remembered as a glorious one in Hopkins annals.

After the relaxation and the enjoyments of the summer time were past, once more we awoke to the sterner realities of college life, to “Major Physics” and “Lab.,” to “French Phonetics” and its attendant antidote at Theodore’s. At our first meeting, class officers were elected for the ensuing year. The most important change was—owing to the fact that our President, Mr. Wm. Lilly, retired to a quiet life of hard study—the election of a new President. Upon retirement aforementioned, Mr. Alfred Dearing Harden was elected to that honorable office. At that time it was also decided that a vigorous policy of suppression should be directed against the “Freshmen Freaks,” and to further this purpose a beautiful Edition-de-Luxe proclamation in green and black—suggestive of verdancy and early death—was issued as a warning to all “Freshmen neophytes.” Such was the wholesome effect of this “Edict of the Imperial Sway of Ninety-six,” together with the breaking of a couple of hot heads and several “Face Shakes,” that these “nonentities” did not dare “to profane the sanctum of the Gymnasium” with their presence, and up to the time of this writing do stand in a well-merited awe of the redoubtable prowess of the Sons of Ninety-six. There was, indeed, a futile attempt at insubordination against our strict parental rule, an infantile effort to hang a tin chromo upon a telegraph wire. The aforesaid chromo was immediately removed, and the Freshman babes having been well spanked, Ninety-seven resumed the commonplace round of her childish foolishness.

As a matter of class pride and individual comfort, we adopted a class cap of rich dark-blue cloth, with a becoming visor, upon the front of which was tastefully embroidered a fac-simile of our handsome class pin. For a great many years no University class had adopted a cap, the custom having fallen into an undeserved disuse. Thanks to Ninety-six, however, it was revived with great success, the present Freshmen having adopted one after our suggestive precedent.

Even the hard working Sons of Ninety-six could not save the poor old “Varsity” football team from an untimely death. There was, indeed, only one thing for the salvation of football at Johns Hopkins in future time, and that was the organization of a University championship with its class teams and its fierce class rivalry. Ninety-six was

first and foremost in the field, and no encomiums of praise are worthy the splendid, self-sacrificing work of the fifteen men, both "team" and "subs," who, day by day, in all sorts of weather, labored incessantly for the maintenance and protection of the good old name that Ninety-six had always won in athletics. Hard, simple, up-to-date football, with aggressive interference and unity of team action, was the order of our play, and vain tricks were surrendered to the Freshmen.

The day before Thanksgiving we lined up against the verdant tyros of Ninety-seven, conspicuous in their child-like and bland innocence. Weight and superior team work soon told a victorious tale, and the only question was the ultimate size of our score. At the end of the second half we had run the score up to the rather comfortable figure of twenty points, whilst our so-called opponents had only drawn a blank goose-egg.

Then came more hard practice, and frequent games with local teams, in order to maintain the high standard we had already shown. The day of our last game was raw and rainy, the field of play was a swamp, the "gridiron" lines were invisibly buried in the mud, and fifty dripping but ardent enthusiasts stood upon the side lines remarking that "it was the first game of water polo in the annals of Hopkins' athletics."

The game was hotly contested on both sides, and the cooling rain vainly tried to dampen the ardor of the "sluggers." This is briefly how it all happened: Stevens put the ball into play by a long, low kick to Ninety-five's ten-yard line. Then, for a dozen or more downs, neither side secured much material advantage, and the game appeared to be a very close one. At this juncture Lackey blocked a kick, and the ball, bouncing over the goal-line, a Ninety-five man fell upon it. The referee refused to allow this safety—though it was clearly in accord with the rules—and the ball came out to the twenty-five-yard line. Two minutes after this, Captain Hill made the first touch-down by brilliant line bucking and clever runs around the end. Stevens missed a difficult goal. There was no more scoring during the first half. The history of the game during the second half is one in which Ninety-five's line took little part, and her backs still less. She only had the ball at rare intervals, and our tandem play fractured her line so badly that the third down was but seldom called. Five minutes after the second half began, the ball was close to Ninety-five's goal-post. "Look out for Lackey!" was then the cry. He took the ball, and by nimble work scored another touch-down. The ball being wet and slippery, Stevens missed a goal

from the punt-out. There was a temporary reaction at this juncture, when Stevens, being unable to make a soggy, slippery ball rise well, his kick was blocked, a touch-down scored and an easy goal kicked. Again the ball went down the field, again we were about to rush it over. There was but thirty seconds more of play. "324, 538," cried Captain Hill, whilst debonair "Prince George," clasping the "pig-skin" closely to his "manly bosom," and taking titanic strides, was pushed over the line by McCaskell and Powell. Stevens kicked a pretty goal from the punt-out, and the so-called haughty Seniors were soundly thrashed to the tune of 14 to 6. Well done, Ninety-six! You have won the football championship of the Johns Hopkins University.

The class joker leads a sub-rosa, unofficial life, and in wandering around these jovial precincts, has, at sundry times, in divers places and manners, chanced upon stray bon-mots and choice repartée. He has committed them to the Historian just as they fell upon his ear, just as they are written in his note book. This is the first time they have gone out into this cold, cold world; be gentle toward them, even as you remember there is a hotter one coming in which there is no vestige of a fire department.

How about "Prince George's" manly bosom and that last touch-down? "And still his whiskers grew," softly murmured some one to Beatty. "Boys, stop kidding 'Dago;' it's not his fault; he can't help it." To which "Dago" replies that Miss Lilly's humor is very poor. Apropos of Dago, by the way, how is Queen Victoria? A. C. R., who attends to the light fantastic terpsichorean department, has christened our smiling friend of the black curls Augustus Cæsar Bung-Swinger. (P. S. See Theodore's.)

Do Messrs. Collier, Killmon and Lilly think that monopolies on questions are just, from an economic standpoint? The football team swore a solemn oath to cut off their mustaches should they fail in the championship race. Fawncee Hodges and Powell without these hirsute darlings. P. S. Also fawncee Lilly. Machen was very warlike in those class rushes; rumor hath it that he is taking the Sampson-Sandow method. Go it, old boy!

"Baby" has been dubbed "the slugger," owing to the precocious use of his fists during the late football season. Notre cher ami A. C. R. still flatly maintains that the gentleman with the auburn mustache sings flat; was it the key, the pretzels, or the mustache that caused all the trouble? Poor Schmeckebier has been displaying his classic form and adorable calves at the "Skating Rink." How often have we told

him athletics would be his ruin! Warfield leads the class in French phonetics. You should hear him say r-r-r-r-o-o-s-s-s-s-é-é-é-e-e.

You should have seen Ritchie toying with the "Anarchist" in that last football game. Does Diehl blondine those flaxen ringlets? McCornick is reading H'exodus. Lilly still divides his time between P. H. E. and the Woman's College. Some one asks, does the prefix "Mac" before a name indicate birth in Salt Lake City? Eddie, Malcolm and Ray have been on a "skate" since the hockey season opened. Now, boys, give these jokes the horse laugh!

The second act of the drama of college life in old Ninety-six draws to its close. The scenery has been wonderful, the costumes and calcium lights brilliant, the audience generous in their plaudits. The heroes have marched triumphantly to victory, the villains have all been foiled; all's well that ends so gloriously. Ring down the curtain, and, all together, boys, give a great shout that may echo down Hopkins' corridors throughout all time,

Which class is the best?
Which leads all the rest?
Hullabaloo! Hullabalix!
Hopkins, Hopkins—Ninety-six !!

HISTORICUS.



OH, (P)SHAW.



"I HAVE WASTED TIME—AND NOW DOOTH TIME WASTE ME."

Richard II.

Class of Ninety=Seven.

Colors—SCARLET AND BLACK.

Class Yell.

Hoo! Wah! Hoo!—Hoo! Wah! Hoo!
'97! '97! J. H. U.!



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Charles L. Lyon	" <i>V</i> . . .	Maryland.
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James A. S. Redfield	" <i>V</i> . . .	Baltimore.
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Edward S. Stanley	" <i>VI</i> . . .	Baltimore.
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Alexander H. Schulz, Jr.	" <i>I</i> . . .	Baltimore.
John F. Schunck	" <i>I</i> . . .	Baltimore.
Henry P. Shuter	" <i>III</i> . . .	Baltimore.
J. Morris Slemmons, Φ. Γ. Δ.	" <i>III</i> . . .	Maryland.
Samuel H. Spragins	" <i>I</i> . . .	Baltimore.
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Henry M. Wilson, Φ. Γ. Δ.	" <i>III</i> . . .	Baltimore.
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Special Students.

James R. C. Armstrong	<i>Chemistry</i>	Baltimore.
George E. Bartell	<i>Math. and Phys.</i>	Baltimore.
Joseph M. Brian	<i>Math. and Phys.</i>	Maryland.
Albert H. Carroll	<i>Math. and Phys.</i>	Baltimore.
William S. Gorsuch, Jr.	<i>Math. and Phys.</i>	Baltimore.
William L. Hodges, Δ. Φ.	<i>Math. and Phys.</i>	Baltimore.
Ferdinand B. Keidel	<i>Math. and Phys.</i>	Maryland.
Bertram M. Kershner	<i>Math. and Phys.</i>	Maryland.
Henry C. McComas	<i>History</i>	Baltimore.
Donald M. Myers	<i>Math. and Phys.</i>	Penna.
Laurence A. Naylor, Φ. Γ. Δ.	<i>Math. and Phys.</i>	Baltimore.
Frank H. Phelps	<i>Math. and Phys.</i>	Baltimore.
Herbert M. Reese	<i>Math. and Phys.</i>	Baltimore.
Edward J. Searles	<i>Math. and Phys.</i>	Baltimore.
Charles Spencer	<i>Math. and Phys.</i>	Baltimore.
James C. Stephens	<i>Math. and Phys.</i>	Virginia
Herman Svarcz	<i>History</i>	Baltimore.
James De Lancey Ver Planck	<i>Latin, &c.</i>	New York.
John Zuebert	<i>Math. and Phys.</i>	Baltimore.



History of Class of Ninety-Seven.



THE Class of Ninety-seven entered Johns Hopkins University in a very unassuming manner, but it was not long before the upper classmen discovered that a very lively class had entered the University precincts. Soon after our entrance, we held a class meeting and elected our officers without any interference from the Juniors, who endeavored to find the place of our meeting, but all in vain. During our second meeting, the Juniors attempted to enter the room, but were repelled by a few Freshmen without interrupting the meeting in the least.

A strong class spirit was shown at once and a challenge was immediately given to Ninety-six. A large tin sign, painted with the colors of Ninety-seven, was hung, "In some mysterious way," on the wires which pass the University buildings. Several hours afterwards, the sign was torn down by the Juniors with the aid of a squad of policemen and several janitors.

The same night, so-called proclamations were posted around the neighborhood of the University, by the class of Ninety-six. These "procs" warned (?) the Freshmen against using pipes, carrying canes and several other prerogatives. What a farce Ninety-six made of it. The "procs" were removed by the Freshmen long before they were dry. One lone poster remained stuck high up on one of the electric-light poles, but as soon as it was discovered, a Freshman climbed the pole while a few others kept the Junior class away. Just as the "proc" was converted into scrap-paper, the Faculty and several of Baltimore's "finest" appeared and dispersed both classes. A squad of the "finest" patrolled the grounds the remainder of the day and protected the Juniors from further attack. It is needless to say that the Juniors apologized for the "procs" shortly afterwards.

It is little short of a miracle that the Juniors stood up before the Freshmen as long as they did. Such names as Armstrong, Lyon, Knipp, Naylor, Pierce, Savage, Shuter and Svarcz are enough to strike terror even to the hearts of upper classmen.

Previous to the entrance of Ninety-seven the Juniors have been the “(pot) social” leaders of the University, but they were more than equaled by the Freshmen this year. Several “socials” have been held by the Freshmen and many Juniors have felt compelled, apparently by courtesy, to attend them. Soon the “socials” ceased, as the lesson had been taught.

Late in the football season, the classes of Ninety-five and Ninety-six conceived the idea of reviving class football teams in the University, and to have a series of games played for the championship. Although only a few of the Freshmen had played football during the season, the whole class wanted a team to represent them. Mr. Henry Wilson was elected captain, and in a few days he developed a good, though light, team. In one week after organizing, the team played against Ninety-six, the larger part of whose team had played during the entire season. We were beaten, but we had the satisfaction of keeping the score small and of giving Ninety-six a hard fight. One week after the game with Ninety-six, we played the Ninety-five team, and were beaten by a very small margin, as we had a heavier and more experienced team than before.

Although we have been in the University only three months, we have shown that the Class of Ninety-seven is destined to hold an honored place in the list of illustrious classes, and it is to be hoped the future *Historicus* will be able to get our deeds of a year in one volume of the “Hullabaloo.”



Graduate Students, 1894=95.



Greek and Latin.

<i>Fellows by Courtesy</i>	Samuel H. Ballard, A. B. George M. Bolling, A. B. Alexander M. Carroll, A. M., Ph. D. John J. Cleland, A. M. William R. Fraser, A. B. William F. Galloway, A. B. Charles W. L. Johnson, A. B. George W. Johnston, A. B.
<i>Fellows</i>	Tom F. Kane, A. B. William H. Kirk, A. B.
<i>University Scholars</i>	Charles Hoeing, A. M. Gordon J. Laing, A. B. John A. Scott, A. B.

John J. Crumley, A. M.	Hans Juergeusen.
Wilbur F. Dales, A. M., Ph. D.	Charles S. Jewell, A. M.
Waverly B. Daniel, A. M.	Will H. Johnson, A. B.
Henry J. Eberth, Ph. B., A. M.	Omera F. Long, A. M.
Edwin L. Findley, A. B.	William A. Magruder, A. B.
Edwin M. Fogel, A. B.	Jens A. Ness, A. M.
John C. Futrall, A. M.	Daniel A. Penick, A. M.
William F. Gill, A. B.	Charles W. Peppler, A. B.
Edwin L. Greene, A. B.	Robert S. Radford, B. Ph., Ph. D.
Arthur S. Haggett, A. B.	William B. Safford, A. M., LL. B.
Paul F. Hoffman, A. B.	Morris C. Sutphen, A. M.
Virgil L. Huey, A. B.	Harry L. Wilson, A. M.

Sanskrit.

<i>Fellow</i>	Alfred W. Stratton, A. B.
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Semitic Languages.

<i>Fellow</i>	Caspar Levias, A. M.
Jos. Bruneau, Rev., A. B., S. T. B., S. T. L.	Paul H. Land, Rev., A. B.
William Caldwell, Rev., A. M.	Clifton H. Levy, Rev., A. B.
William A. J. Fletcher, Rev., A. B., A. M., S. T. B., S. T. L.	William Rosenau, Rev., A. B.
John F. Fenlon, A. M.	Tobias Schanfarber, Rev., A. B.
Eneas B. Goodwin, Rev., S. T. B.	Charles B. Sparks, Rev.
Adolph Gutmacher, Rev., A. B.	Joseph V. Tracey, Rev., A. B.
Dennis S. Kelly, Rev., S. T. B.	Edward E. Weaver, Rev., A. M.

German.

<i>Fellows by Courtesy</i>	Thomas S. Baker, A. B.
	Albert B. Faust, A. B., Ph. D.
<i>Fellow</i>	William A. Haussmann, A. B.
<i>University Scholar</i>	Henry E. Ebeling.
Charles R. Miller, A. M., Ph. D.	George G. F. Schmidt, Rev.
Charles F. Woods, A. B.	

English.

<i>Fellow by Courtesy</i>	Frederick H. Sykes, A. M., Ph. D.
<i>Fellow</i>	Clarence Griffin Child, A. B., A. M.
<i>University Scholars</i>	Ernest Julius Becker, A. B.
	James W. Tupper, A. B.
Henry L. Arnold, S. B.	William H. Key, A. M.
Morris L. Barr, A. B.	James P. Kinard.
Francis Bullard, A. B.	Samuel W. Kinney, A. B.
Killis Campbell, A. B., B. L.	George P. Krapp, A. B.
Clyde B. Furst, Ph. B.	John McL. McBryde, A. M.
Irving M. Glen, A. B.	George Shipley, A. M.
Nathaniel E. Griffin, A. B.	Henry S. West, A. B.
Reginald H. Griffith, A. M.	

Romance Languages.

<i>Fellow</i>	George C. Keidel, A. B.
<i>University Scholars</i>	Oliver M. Johnston, A. B.
	William A. Nitze, A. B.

Thomas M. Anderson, B. L.	Frank P. Frein, A. B.
Edward C. Armstrong, A. M.	Reginald R. Goodell, A. B.
Arthur H. Baxter, A. B.	Albert F. Kuersteiner, A. B.
Ferdinand Bonnotte.	Philip Ogden, A. B.
George G. Brownell, A. B.	Roland E. Phillips, A. B.
Murray P. Brush, A. B.	John C. Walker, Ph. B.
Thomas F. Cameron, A. B.	Wolff Willner, A. M.
Wilson D. Crabb, A. M.	

History.

<i>Fellow</i>	Thomas F. Moran, A. B.
<i>University Scholar</i>	John H. Latané, A. B.
James C. Ballagh, A. B.	Edwin W. Kennedy, A. B.
William D. Ball, S. B.	Walter S. Lewis, A. B.
James M. Callahan, A. B.	George B. Lynes, A. B.
Julian A. C. Chandler, A. M.	Harry D. Mitchell, Rev.
Henry S. Cooley, S. B., M. S.	Edwin T. Mowbray, Rev., A. M.
William W. Davis, Ph. D.	Charles P. Neill, A. M.
E. F. Du Brul, B. L., M. L., LL. B.	James Piper, A. B.
Charles S. Estes, A. B., A. M.	Seth P. Remington, A. B.
Samuel E. Forman, A. B.	Franklin L. Riley, A. M.
William Henry Forsythe, Jr., A. B.	Enoch W. Sikes, A. M.
Fred C. Foster, A. M.	John A. Silver, A. M.
Lynn V. H. Gerdine, A. M.	Charles B. Sparks, Rev.
Charles E. Guthrie, Rev.	Thaddeus P. Thomas, A. M., B. P.
George R. Hazard, A. B.	Arthur H. Thompson, Rev.
Samuel R. Hendren, A. B.	G. W. Ward, A. B., A. M., LL. B.
Rockwell D. Hunt, A. M., Ph. B.	Louis Napoleon Whealton, A. B.
Carl B. James, S. B.	

Economics.

<i>Fellow</i>	Arthur F. Bentley, A. B.
<i>University Scholars</i>	William A. Wetzel, A. B.
	Milton Reitzenstien, A. B.
	Frank Roy Rutter, A. B.
Benjamin W. Arnold, Jr., A. B.	John Haynes, A. B.
George E. Boynton, A. B.	Francis H. McLean, A. B.
Alfred C. Bryan, A. B.	Charles O. Paullin, S. B., U. C.
James W. Chapman, Jr., A. B.	Masayoshi Takaki, S. B.
James H. Edmondson, A. B.	Charles F. Zimmele, Ph. B.

Philosophy.

Graduate Student Albert Lefevre, A. B.

Mathematics and Astronomy.

Fellows by Courtesy Samuel V. Hoffman, M. E.
 Brantz Mayer Roszel, A. M., Ph. D.
 Renè De Saussure.

Fellows Frank H. Clutz, A. B.
 William H. Maltbie, A. B.

University Scholar John Stokes Morris, S. B., A. M.
 Thomas W. Atkinson, S. B., C. E. Stephen C. King, A. B.
 Robert Lacy Borger, A. B. William W. Landis, A. M., Ph. B.
 Clarence E. Comstock, A. M. Francis H. McLean, A. B.
 John Dickerman, A. B. Nathan A. Pattillo, S. B., A. M.
 George W. Droke, A. M. Herbert A. Sayre, B. E.
 Charles R. Duvall, S. B. Thomas H. Taliaferro, C. E.
 Asbury N. Ebaugh, Ph. B. Horace S. Uhler, A. B.
 John Eiesland, A. B. Charles B. Wilson, A. M.
 Edgar H. Johnson, S. B. Charles M. Waidner.

Physics and Electricity.

Fellow by Courtesy Frank A. Wolff, Jr., A. B., Ph. D.

Fellows Louis T. More, Ph. B.
 Edwin F. Northrup, A. B.

University Scholars Charles C. Schenck, A. B.
 William D. Ball, S. B.
 George S. Maynard, A. B.

Nathan E. Aull, A. B. Exum P. Lewis, S. B.
 Byron B. Brackett, A. M. Francis Mallory, C. E.
 John McA. Brosius, S. B. William T. Mather, A. M.
 Norman R. Carmichael, A. M. John F. Mohler, A. B.
 Matthew M. Corbin. Alexander McIver, Jr., A. B.
 William S. Day, A. B. Frank Orbin, S. B.
 Noah E. Dorsey, A. B. Thomas D. Penniman, A. B.
 John L. Douglas, A. B. Charles A. Ramm, Rev., S. T. B.
 Hugh M. Frazer, S. B. Harold Chase Ridgely, S. B.
 Edson F. Gallaudet, A. B. John J. Rothermel, A. B.
 James G. Hardy, A. B. Robert R. Tatnall, A. M.
 Caleb N. Harrison, B. C. E. Henry Tillman, S. B.

George H. Hill, A. B.	James M. S. Waring,
William T. Humphreys, A.B., C.E.	Frank S. Willcox.
Theodore W. Johnson, A.B.	Henry H. Wiegand, A. B.
George W. Kessler, Jr., S.B., M.S.	Albert F. Zahm, A.M., M.S., M.E.

Chemistry.

<i>Fellows by Courtesy</i>	Guillame Jacques Louis de Chalmot, Ph. D.
	Henry Clary Jones, Ph. D.
	Nicholas Knight, A. M., Ph. D.
	William Augustus Smith, A. M.

<i>Fellows</i>	Bert Holmes Hite, M. S.
	James Flack Norris, A. B.

<i>University Scholars</i>	William E. Henderson, A. B.
	Ebenezer Mackay, A. B.

Gellert Alleman, S. B.	William Fay Karslake, S. B.
Daniel Base, A. B.	Stephen C. King, M. D.
William Bromwell, A. B.	John W. Lawson, S. B.
Joseph S. Chamberlain, S.B., M.S.	Egbert W. Magruder, A. B.
Arthur D. Chambers, A. B.	Solomon R. McKee, A. B.
Byron V. Cissel, B. L.	Raphael M. McKenzie, S. B., M. S.
Edmund P. Cooke.	Anthony M. Muckenfuss, A. M.
Fred. Crane, A. B.	Lyman C. Newell, A. M.
Henry Fay, A. B.	John C. Olson, A. M.
George W. Gray, A. B.	J. E. Howard Post, A. B.
John J. Griffin, Rev., A. M.	Charles D. Ragland, A. M.
William M. Grosvenor, Jr., S. B.	Ebenezer E. Reid, A. M.
James Robert Harris, S. B.	Michael D. Sohon, A. C.
Howard H. Higbee, A. B.	Edward S. Smith, A. B.
Frederick S. Hollis, S. B.	William B. Stoddard, S. B.
Joseph R. Hunter, A. M.	Clyde B. Stover, A. B.

Geology and Mineralogy.

<i>Fellows</i>	Samuel W. Beyer, S. B. (Inorganic.)
	Henry S. Gane, A. B. (Organic.)

<i>University Scholar</i>	George O. Smith, A. B.
Rufus M. Bagg, A. B.	George B. Shattuck, S. B.
Louis M. Prindle, A. B.	Arthur Coe Spencer, S. B.
David E. Roberts, A. B.	

Biology.

<i>Fellows by Courtesy</i>	James E. Humphreys, S. B., Sc. D. George T. Kemp, A. B., Ph. D., M. D.
<i>Bruce Fellow</i>	Seitaro Goto M. S.
<i>Fellows</i>	Reid Hunt, A. B. Henry McE. Knowler, A. B. George Lefevre, A. B.
<i>University Student</i>	Hubert L. Clark.
Morris L. Barr, A. B.	Duncan S. Johnson, S. B.
Edward W. Berger, Ph. B.	Arthur L. Lamb, A. B.
Arsenius Boyer, Rev.	Roy S. Richardson, Ph. B.
William M. Chowning, S. B.	Thomas E. Shields, Rev., A. M.
Franklin S. Conant, A. B.	Charles P. Sigerfoos, S. B.
John Waldo Connaway, M. D.	Herbert M. Smith, A. B.
Gilman Dean, S. B.	Mervin T. Sudler, S. B.
William F. Ferguson, A. B.	James B. Walker, S. B.
Frank T. Fulton, S. B.	Charles B. Wilson, A. M.
Carl B. James, S. B.	

Physicians Attending Special Courses.

Sarah C. Allan, M. D.	Patrick S. Keogh, M. D.
George A. Bailey, M. D.	Amelia Lamson, M. D.
Sarah Belcher, M. D.	Charles W. Larnerd, M. D.
John G. Blount, M. D.	Sylvan H. Likes, M. D.
Kenneth A. Blue, M. D.	Stephen M. Long, M. D.
Madison H. Bowman, M. D.	Earl P. Lothrop, M. D.
Summerfield B. Bond, M. D.	Leslie L. Lumbsden, M. D.
Needham, P. Boddie, M. D.	J. Fussell Martenet, M. D.
Milton D. Brown, M. D.	Franklin A. Meacham, A. B., M.D.
Mary A. Brosius, M. D.	Elizabeth Mercedes, M. D.
James T. Carroll, M. D.	James J. Mills, M. D.
J. Fred. Clarke, B. S., A.M., M.D.	Standish McCleary, M. D.
Edmund D. Clark, M. D.	Arthur J. McKinley, M. D.
James H. Cochran, A. M., M. D.	Otis Henry Perley, M. D.
Theodore Coleman, M. B., M.D., C. M.	David Meek Provence, M. D.
Claribel Cone, M. D.	John C. Price, M. D.
Angus M. Callanoch, M. D.	Sue Radcliffe, M. D.
Albert C. Crawford, M. D.	Robert L. Ramey, M. D.
	Henry O. Reik, M. D.

Howard S. Densmore, M. D.	Morris C. Robbins, M. D.
Henry W. Dew, M. D.	Nathalie Seeling, M. D.
Lewis Walton Dudley, M. D.	William C. Shannon, A. B., M. D.
Henry K. Dunham, M. D.	H. L. Smith, M. D.
Douglas F. DuVal, M. D.	Albert A. Schaffner, M. D.
Florence A. Dyer, M. D.	Charles B. Schoolfield, M. D.
Thomas Elliott, M. D.	Clarence G. Schoolfield, M. D.
George B. Fadeley, M. D.	Roland E. Skeel, M. D.
George A. Fleming, M. D.	Jordan M. Smith, M. D.
Russell B. Freeman, M. D.	Edith Sturges, M. D.
A. Bradly Gaither, A. M., M. D.	Gertrude Taft, M. D.
Nathan R. Gorter, M. D.	Milton R. Walter, M. D.
R. Edward Garrett, M. D.	Oscar W. Woods, M. D.
Holliday H. Hayden, M. D.	Hugh H. Young, M. D.
Robert Hoffman, M. D.	Richard A. Urquhart, M. D.
J. Sothoron Keech, M. D.	William K. West, M. D.
Jane D. Kelly, M. D.	E. Russell Zemp, M. D.

Medical Students.

Candidates for the Degree of M. D.

SECOND YEAR.

Charles R. Bardeen, A. B.	Charles N. McBryde, S. B., M. S.
Thomas R. Brown, A. B.	William W. McCulloh, A. B.
Cornelia C. Church, A. B.	James F. Mitchell, A. B.
Walter S. Davis, S. B.	Joseph L. Nichols, A. B.
Lester Wiggins Day, Ph. B.	Eugene L. Opie, A. B.
Louis P. Hamburger, A. B.	Mary S. Packard, A. B.
Guy LeRoy Hunner, S. B.	Omar B. Pancoast, S. B.
Frank A. Lupton, S. B., M. S.	Clement A. Penrose, A. B.
Irving P. Lyon, A. B.	Richard P. Strong, Ph. B.
William G. McCallam, A. B.	

FIRST YEAR.

William S. Bear, A. B.	James D. Madison, S. B.
Thomas P. Benson, A. B.	Frank S. Maltby, A. B.
William J. Calvert, A. B.	Harry T. Marshall, A. B.
Patrick J. Cassidy, A. B.	Delia M. O'Connell, A. B.
John W. Coe, Ph. B.	Roger G. Perkins, A. B.
Walter Cox, A. B.	Catharine Porter, A. B.

Percy M. Dawson, A. B.	Georgiana Sands, A. B.
Arthur W. Elting, A. B.	Benjamin R. Schenck, A. B.
William W. Ford, A. B.	Harry M. Steele, A. B.
Warren L. Foss, A. B.	Walter R. Steiner, A. B.
Alfred B. Herrick, A. B.	Caleb R. Stetson, A. B.
Mary M. S. Johnstone, A. B.	William S. Walcott, Jr., A. B.
James H. M. Knox, A. B., Ph. D.	Emma E. Walker, A. B.
Millard Langfeld, A. B.	Andrew H. Whitridge, S. B.
Leona Lebus, S. B.	Katharine Wolfe, B. L., S. B.
Gertrude Light, S. B.	



The Graduate Students' Association

of the

Johns Hopkins University.



Officers 1894-1895.

PROF. IRA REMSEN, *Honorary President.*

ALFRED WILLIAM STRATTON, *President.*

JOHN HOLLADAY LATANÉ, *Vice-President.*

JAMES FLACK NORRIS, *Secretary.*

ALBERT HARRIS WILSON, *Treasurer.*

THE Graduate Students' Association has come to stay. In the five years of its short history it has continually broadened its scope and influence and, as a consequence, increasing interest has been shown by the large body of graduate students. During the past year the policy has been to bring the social side prominently to the front. The committee on social relations has busied itself with the task of getting the men to know each other. As a result we do not hear such a conversation as this as often as formerly: "You are a Hopkins student? Do you know Mr. A.?" "In what department is he working?" "Mathematics, I think." "No, I don't know him. Biology is my specialty. I scarcely leave the laboratory and know very few men in other lines of work." A wholesome change has come about, due in large part to the receptions where an especial effort is made to get the chemist to talk political economy to the geologist or the student of history to discuss astronomy with the Latin scholar.

The first assembly of the year, at which Professor Remsen, Honorary President of the Association, addressed the graduate students, was eminently successful. The theme discussed was of the greatest interest to men selecting the profession of teaching as their life-work and the views put forward were taken up by the press and educators throughout the country as being timely and as pointing out one of the great problems in American education. It is safe to say that an annual address by the Honorary President will be a feature of the work of the Association in the future.

The Alumni Association.



Officers.

ALAN McLANE, JR., *President.*

GEORGE LEFEVRE, *Secretary.*

HENRY O. THOMPSON, *Treasurer.*

Executive Committee.

Members for One Year.

Charles Morris Howard.
Dr. J. H. O'Donovan.
Waldo Newcomer.
J. L. Griffith Lee.

Members for Two Years.

Dr. E. R. L. Gould.
Dr. Paul J. Dashiell.
William S. Hilles.
George C. Morrison.
Harry T. Marshall.

THE Alumni Association of the Johns Hopkins University was founded on the 22nd day of February, 1887, and has consequently completed the eighth year of its organization. It has now over 200 members and is in a good financial condition, although the dues are so small that it can never be altogether prosperous.

As a social body it has gained considerably in strength from the earlier days when the annual attraction was a luncheon in the University Gymnasium, to the present time, which boasts the luxury of a more formal banquet.

Every 22nd of February witnesses a gathering of alumni from all quarters, eager to honor their Alma Mater with appreciative appetites and to renew the pleasures of college friendships under the auspices of the Association.

But the Association has a work to perform. This is the centralization of earnest, loyal zeal for the University, which may in time provide for its increasing necessities and aid in its general welfare. And this purpose can only be effected by the alumni themselves, when they join with one another, giving the united effort that is otherwise so lacking. And it is with the desire to so further the interests of everything good that pertains to Johns Hopkins—both with respect to the students and to the authorities, that the Association submits to the class about to graduate, the necessity of swelling its ranks and thereby aiding in the perfection of its organization.

The Northwestern Alumni Association.



PROF. J. H. F. MAIN, *President.*
Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa.

PROF. STARR W. CUTTING, *Vice-President.*
University of Chicago.

LESSING ROSENTHAL, A. B., *Secretary and Treasurer.*
(Room 602, First National Bank Building, Chicago.)

THE fourth annual meeting of the Northwestern Alumni Association was held in Chicago on February 22nd, 1895. Some 25 active and associate members attended the meeting, which was called to order by Professor A. V. E. Young, former president of the Association. It was voted that Michigan and Indiana be added to those States already comprised within the Association. Thus all persons who have either taken a degree or held a fellowship at the University and living in any of the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Michigan and Indiana, are now eligible to election as active members of the Association. Other persons, living in any of these States, who have studied at the University are eligible for election as associate members.

That the Northwestern Alumni Association has proved a success in point of numbers will be clear from the fact that we now have 70 active, 20 associate and 3 honorary members, making a total of 93. That the Northwestern Alumni Association has proved a success as a means of reuniting in good fellowship former students of the University is fully attested by the sociability, joviality and general merry-making at our banquets. Any one who doubts this is simply invited to come and see.

In Loving Remembrance

of

William Knower,

Class of 1891.

Died December 27, 1894.

Age 24 Years.

The Ninety-One Alumni Association.



CHARLES MCH. HOWARD, *President.*

CHARLES W. L. JOHNSON, *Vice-President.*

JACOB H. HOLLANDER, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

THE academic year now drawing to a close has been, if not an eventful, at least a significant year in the life of the Class of Ninety-one Alumni Association. We have been brought to realize rather sadly that henceforth the accent must be upon "alumni" rather than upon "class." An unusually large number of Ninety-one men after graduation, either returned to the University for advanced study, or entered colleges of medicine and law in Baltimore. Thus were formed natural centres by means of which the class could keep in some touch with itself. Some of these groups were broken up in the spring of 1893, but not, perhaps, until last June may final disintegration be said to have taken place. Since then it has been by happy accident, rather than by natural circumstance, that any two or, at the most, three members of the class have found themselves in regular contact.

The class has been scattered literally unto the four winds. We have gone—North, East, South and West—everywhere, except—wrong. One sedate member has taken up indefinite residence in the Quartier Latin, with possible designs upon a critical edition of "Trilby." Another is discoursing upon the beauties of the French verb, within sight of the Pacific. A third is instilling virtuous precepts into young minds, fanned by gentle zephyrs of the Great Lakes. A fourth is treading the narrow path that leads to theological dignities and Parkhurstian glory, in the eastern Metropolis. Law, medicine, theology, academic life, mercantile pursuits, journalism, leisure and matrimony, all have their devotees among the "half-a-hundred" that constitute the Class of Ninety-one. We have variously gotten beards, degrees, married and hard-up. Some have grown wiser, all have become older, none, alas!—better.

The fourth annual reunion dinner of the class was held in Baltimore on the evening of Thursday, January 31st. Only a handful found it possible to be in attendance, but the fittest survived and the night is recorded among the archives of Ninety-one in letters of bright red hue. The ravages of time appeared in a certain preliminary solemnity, but "cleats," "few wine," and "yellow dog," were verbal talismans that soon exercised as potent influence as of yore. The Gregorian chant was sung with old-time sweetness. Customary solicitude was evinced as to the precise whereabouts of a "himmelstrahlende" meteorite, and further inquiries instituted as to the proper ratio of football trophies to football scores.

At the preliminary business meeting, officers were reëlected as above; action was taken upon certain other matters and plans were discussed for the quinquennial reunion of the class in 1896. It is hoped to bring together then a large part of the entire class, and to issue a second brochure describing in detail the activities of individual members since graduation.

The heaviest blow Ninety-one has suffered during the past year is recorded by a formal memorial on another page. Dear Bill Knower is the first of our band to pass into the great beyond. His cherished memory lives fragrant in the hearts of those who knew and loved him, no less than in the affection of the class as an entity. No single man was more closely identified with the life and progress of Ninety-one, and the absence of none entails a heavier loss.

Such is the brief report of progress which, in accordance with the courteous request of the Editorial Committee of Ninety-five, Ninety-one submits. With it is sent a hearty greeting of congratulation and fraternity to the class now to pass from out the portals of the Alma Mater, and with it, too, is the earnest wish that Ninety-five's alumni organization may be as firm and enduring as its collegiate association has doubtless been hearty and cordial.

The Ninety-Two Alumni Association.



THOMAS RICHARDSON BROWN, *President.*

CHARLES WEATHERS BUMP, *Secretary.*

LESTER LATHAM STEVENS, *Treasurer.*

ON December 15th, 1894, the Class of Ninety-two held its third annual reunion. Only 15 were present, but the slight attendance must not be attributed to any decline in loyalty. It was rather the importance of the positions in the community, occupied by the members of this class, which necessitated the absence of many, preferring to sacrifice themselves at the call of duty rather than to violate a trust at the behest of pleasure. In consequence, it devolved upon those spirits who had been able to assemble, for the purpose of honoring the blue and white and Alma Mater, to supply their deficiency in number by excess of — enthusiasm; in which they were eminently successful.

The class is now actively established in the world. Out of 58 men 39 are in this city, 19 resident elsewhere; 12 are attorneys, and 3 students of law; 6 are doctors, and 6 students of medicine; 1 has entered the ministry, 5 in mercantile pursuits; 3 teachers, 7 electricians; 9 still students at the University, and 1 is deceased, leaving 5 unaccounted for.

Great things may be expected of our class, for we feel we have a mission to perform in perfecting the work into which we have been launched by our University, that we may add to her laurels and participate in the fame of her future.

The Ninety=Three Alumni Association.



Officers same as in long ages ago.

ALTHOUGH the Class of Ninety-three does not hold annual meetings for the sake of electing officers and drinking champagne, let it not be supposed that its members have passed from the public view, as they have from the banquet table. On the contrary, has not every Ninety-three man breathed the same air and lived on the same earth with the highest and mightiest men of the age? But more than this—they have not only breathed and lived, but they have lived and acted. Let us glance at Gilman's New Cyclopædia of Famous Men for particulars.

Coburn has ceased worrying the Dean, and is now busy displaying the beauty of his person to the female admirers of the Rouge et Blanc Club. It is reported on trustworthy authority, that he is composing from his stock of Parisian ideas and vaudeville repartee, an opera entitled "Paris by Gas Light."

Allan Smith and Sonneborn are married. The former has recently had an addition to his family in the shape of a daughter. He does the honors of a father very well.

Long Doug. is still at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, studying how to build doorways tall enough for him to pass through.

Little Budge has succeeded Cowen as counsel for the B. & O., and can now be seen every morning madly fighting his way through a throng of clients to his office door.

Turnbull has just written Op. 5079.236.109. (Composed for Commemoration Day, but lost in Low's speech.)

Purnell spends his time wearing clothes and driving up Charles Street on Sunday afternoons.

But why go on recounting the deeds of those whose names are on every one's lips. Let us sleep easy to-night, happy that it has been our good fortune to glance over a few of these names: happy in the hopes of shining somewhat by reflected light.

The Ninety-Four Alumni Association.



I FEEL like some long-buried ghost who rises earthwards to a toast; a toast to days when still in life he walked the ways of joy and strife.

For though but eight short months have passed since in the month of roses last, each Son of Ninety-four in glee, albeit with much dignity, received the bachelor's degree. Yet now all seems as quickly sped as are the exams. which crammed each head. The flowers and the setting sun, the speech we thought should ne'er be done,—the laugh and light—all now are gone.

But fitter here my task were sure to tell the fate of Ninety-four. And how the world withstands the flow of genius on the market now. First where the lofty stage of Fame (or Fashion, for they seem the same,) raises itself against the sky—what graceful form do we descry! See, see, among the sports he mounts,—that face, that form,—“*It is the Count's!*”

After the flash of Fashion's rays the Church and State absorb our gaze. And now shout forth the happy news,—’twill every Christian soul enthuse,—it is—and much my heart is warmed,—*it is that Georgie has reformed.* Henceforth his feet will never fail to walk the Presbyterian pale.

Amid the glare of legal lights who wins examination fights,—who gets there every time,—ah who, but cute and foxey-minded I. Frank also, as in days of yore, is found within the foremost fore, and Perry hopes for great applause in pleas for banjo-music's laws. Smilax must win his every case just by the expression of his face, for how could jurors dream of guile in one who wears so sweet a smile.

The sons of Aesculapius next who toil in questions deep and vexed. See Daws and Billy, Toms and Bish, with colds fair as one could wish—while Little Henry finds with bliss—not germs, but magic in a kiss. Wardie and Bummie also tread this path with gory Glory spread, and though the latter's far away we hope to see his form some day. Bennie and Pem and Bob all start their way within the bustling mart and hope to bud in coming years as gross and bloated millionaires.

In classic Harvard's cultured world our Husky Hoover's beard has curled,—where tail of alligator wags down in the Sunny South is Jags. Hairy is ruling working gangs and so no longer knows the pangs of him who dallies with a hod, beneath despotic bosses' rod. Shinny is in the coffee bizz, which think, he says, surpasses fizz (?).

Enough, 'twere well if I forebore—the bell has rung on Ninety-four. Here's to the health of Ninety-five, let her rejoice while yet alive. And here's to when the kindly fates shall let us meet as graduates.



Japanese Alumni.



IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY,
TŌKYŌ, JAPAN, December 5th, 1894.

Dear Sir:—

There is no regularly organized J. H. U. alumni association in Japan, but whenever it has been possible to gather together a larger part of those who have studied in Baltimore, we have made a point of holding a reunion. As yet there have been only two such meetings (to my knowledge), as we are widely scattered over the country. But they were both very pleasant and it was evident that all looked back with pleasure to the days which they spent in Baltimore. We are not very numerous as yet. Drs. Soto, Kuhara, Matora, Iyenzga, Nitobe, and Mr. Shinoda, are all that occur to me just now. How these gentlemen are occupied, you must be aware from looking over the reports and other publications of the J. H. U. I need not say that they are occupying very important positions in the educational world.

I fear my information is somewhat meagre, but this seems to be all that I can say in reply to your letter. With good wishes for the prosperity of the J. H. U., I remain, sir,

Yours sincerely,

K. MITSUKURI.



LEVERING HALL.

MCCOY HALL.

McCoy Hall.



McCoy Hall is the latest addition to the buildings of the Johns Hopkins University. The Hall is named in honor of John Williamson McCoy, a citizen of Baltimore, whose generosity made its erection possible. During his life, Mr. McCoy was deeply interested in art and literature, and felt a strong concern for the welfare of the Johns Hopkins University; at his death in 1889, he left the University his excellent library and a rare and extremely valuable collection of works illustrating the history and the great schools of art. In addition to these gifts, he made the University his residuary legatee. The trustees have used the fund thus placed at their disposal for the construction of a building which perpetuates the donor's liberality.

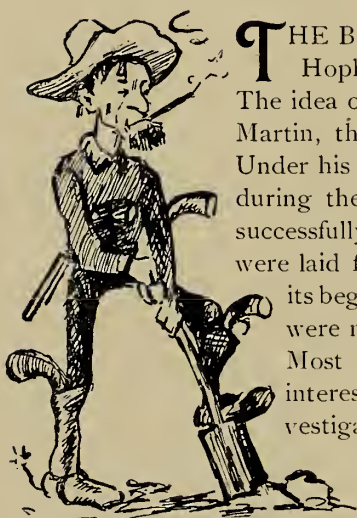
McCoy Hall is designed especially for the libraries and class rooms in languages, history and philosophy—studies which depend more exclusively upon the use of books. The main library also is located in it for the present, and on the first floor is an assembly room which will accommodate nearly a thousand persons. The building has a width of 96 feet on Monument Street, extends 176 feet along Little Garden Street, and fronts 112 feet on Ross Street, with the main entrances on Monument Street and Ross Street. It adjoins and is connected with Levering Hall, the gift of Eugene Levering of Baltimore. The two buildings cover an area of more than 20,000 square feet.

The outlines of the building are plain and simple; the exterior is finished in brick and brown sandstone, with but little ornamentation; the whole structure impresses one as massive, commodious and substantial. There are four floors, all well lighted and traversed by ample corridors, while a broad stairway at each end runs from cellar to top. A spacious lobby on the first floor extends the whole length of the building, and is furnished with chairs and tables to encourage friendly gatherings of members of the University between class hours. The main library on the fourth floor, with its abundant light, cheerful fireplace, and broad beams overhead, satisfies every sense of fitness and beauty, and even the most unwilling student can hardly resist its charm.

McCoy Hall was formally opened on the occasion of the annual commencement, June 14th, 1894. Addresses were made by Dr. William Hand Browne, Professor of English Literature, and Mr. Walter H. Page, editor of *The Forum*, and an original poem by Dr. Richard Burton was read.

The Baltimore Naturalists' Field Club.

WILLIAM H. HOWELL.



THE Baltimore Naturalists' Field Club of the Johns Hopkins University was organized in April, 1880. The idea of the Club originated with Professor H. N. Martin, then Professor of Biology in the University. Under his inspiring guidance it grew rapidly in numbers during the first year of its existence, its field work was successfully inaugurated, and the general foundations were laid for its future development. In the days of its beginnings the Club contained few members who were naturalists in the technical sense of the word. Most of those who took part in its work were interested mainly in laboratory instruction and investigation, and the occasional excursions made during the spring and autumn months, although designed, in the words of the constitution, to study the fauna, flora, physical geography and geology of the neighborhood of Baltimore, were in reality of most immediate value in alluring the laboratory student to pleasant walks and talks in the fields and woods of the surrounding country. The writer remembers well the first of these excursions made to Clifton, which was then regarded as the future home of the University. It was an imposing array; in point of numbers it was probably the most successful field meeting in the history of the Club.

At the head of the procession was Professor Martin with a botany can of great size strapped over his shoulders and a briar-wood pipe in his mouth. With him were two well-known physicians of Baltimore; one of these represented the ornithological aspirations of the Club, and as the badge of his office he carried a double-barreled shotgun, with which he subsequently made some very good shots; the other after-

wards became a great favorite with the Club because of his enthusiasm for the work, and partly, too, I think, because he had a voice of remarkable carrying power, the infectious cheerfulness of which seemed somehow to keep us always in a state of pleasant activity during our long tramps. Following after this trio were assistants, fellows, and a large number of graduate and undergraduate students walking two-and-two. The last named members had no definite conception of the *modus operandi* necessary in studying nature face to face. They felt the inspiration of the occasion, however, and gave expression to it in jovial songs about Mr. Noah and his ark and the animals that went in two-by-two, 'dear little Buttercup, and similar melodies appropriate to the occasion. We attracted a great deal of attention by the way, and had a thoroughly good time. In spite of our rawness, this first excursion was successful in giving us something of an insight into the beauties and marvels of living nature. Flowers that we had been accustomed to pass by unnoticed were introduced to us by name, and peculiarities in their structure were demonstrated; larvæ of the dragon fly and other insects were captured, and the way in which they undergo their metamorphoses was explained; and some of us, I remember, were taught to differentiate between a bug and a beetle, and how to preserve plants and insects for future study. The older and better informed members discussed and surmised, while the younger and more ignorant ones stood by and absorbed a good deal of useful information of the kind that is not written in books. Most of our first excursions were of this character: they were delightfully informal, and brought students and teachers together in pleasant companionship. The actual contributions made to the fauna and flora of the region were not important, but the meetings exercised a valuable influence upon all who participated in them. A well known professor of political economy in one of our largest Universities told me several years afterward that the tramps that he took with the Field Club were among the pleasantest recollections he had of his life at the University. It is an interesting fact that in the early days of the Club our membership was not restricted to the teachers and students of the Biological Laboratory; students of many other departments of the University—chemistry, physics, Greek, history, etc.,—as well as naturalists residing in the city, took part in the excursions, and as a result our conversations afield were not always strictly confined to the subject in hand. The great problems of the universe were discussed between whiles, and flowers were admired from an æsthetic as well as from a scientific standpoint. I recall that on one

occasion some of us made a detour for the sake of showing the arbutus in bloom to one of these outsiders (who is now a professor of physics). We found the flower on the hillsides near Bay View Asylum, and when we scraped away the leaves and exposed the delicate pink blossoms, he raised his hands in admiration. "Well!" said he, "they *are* beauties!" We forgave him the pun, because it was evident, from the fact that it was necessary to explain it to him afterwards, that he had not sinned intentionally.

For the first few years of its existence the Field Club was valuable chiefly as an accessory to the laboratory work in biology; as a means of bringing students and teachers together for pleasant walks, and as furnishing a point of contact between the University and persons in the city interested in natural history. Owing to the small amount of time that it was possible to give to the work the accumulation of material proceeded slowly, but the main idea of a complete study of the flora, fauna, topography and geology of the neighborhood round Baltimore, was kept steadily in view. The result has been that, from time to time, certain members of the Club have taken special interest in some one or other of these subjects, and have presented the Club with contributions of value, many of which have appeared in published form. Indeed, the Club can justly take to itself credit not only for the nature of the contributions which it has made to the natural history of the region, but also because it has been the means of developing a number of local naturalists among its members residing in the city.

Some of the notable achievements of the Club are worthy of special mention. In the minutes of the earlier meetings numerous references are found to the necessity of a good excursion map for the vicinity of Baltimore, upon which finds and observations might be recorded. These suggestions finally took definite shape in the spring of 1884. Mr. A. L. Webster, of the U. S. Geological Survey, happened to be a graduate student in the University at that time, and, as a member of the Field Club he was induced to undertake the preparation of an excursion map. The map was soon published, and proved of the greatest service. It covered an area of 625 square miles, with the City Hall as a centre and it was made upon a scale of one mile to an inch. This map was compiled partly from incomplete data furnished by the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey and partly from previous maps prepared by various engineers. A second edition was called for in a short time and was prepared and published in 1887 under the direction of the late Professor G. H. Williams, then President of the Club. One of the most valuable

results following the publication of the map, was its adoption as a guide to the field work in geology. Prof. Williams divided the area covered by the map into twenty-five squares and began, with the aid of his students, to work out the geology of each square, the results in a number of cases being accepted as a thesis for the doctor's degree. Subsequently, a more elaborate topographical map was prepared by the Geological Survey of the United States, at the request of the University, and Prof. Williams completed a geological map of the same region. Both of these maps are now published and are widely used. This gratifying result may be fairly attributed to the influence of the Field Club, and it stands as the most important outcome of the Club's work.

The work of the botanical section has also been very successful. An extensive herbarium has been formed containing specimens of the ferns, flowering plants, grasses and sedges found in the neighborhood of Baltimore. In 1888 Mr. Basil Sollers compiled and published at his own expense a check-list containing the names of 1609 plants found within the area of the map. The only previous list of the kind was published in 1837 by Dr. Aikin. The material for Mr. Sollers' list was obtained entirely from collections made by himself and by Mr. J. F. Arthur, Dr. B. W. Barton and Mr. G. L. Smith, all active members of the Club. Since that date the list has been much enlarged, and duplicates of all the specimens collected have been presented to the University, forming in connection with the Schimper collection of Alpine plants and the Fitzgerald collection of mosses, a valuable means for instruction in systematic botany. Mr. Otto Lugger, now Professor of Entomology in the University of Minnesota, was for a long time one of the most enthusiastic and useful members of the Club. He presented to the Club a list, in manuscript, of the molluscs occurring in the neighborhood, and in 1884, he published in the *University Circular* of April, a partial list of the coleoptera found in the same region. Quite recently Mr. J. Hall Pleasants has made a collection of the warblers, and Mr. C. E. Waters has published a supplemental list of the rarer ferns occurring in this locality. It is, perhaps, worth mentioning also that in 1886 a committee appointed by the Club devoted a great deal of time to the labelling of the different species of trees found in Druid Hill Park, the Park Board having granted a small appropriation to defray the expense of preparing labels. This act attracted considerable attention at the time and gave rise to much favorable comment. It is greatly to be regretted that the good beginning then made was not followed up in subsequent years. The park contains a particularly interesting variety of trees, and if they were kept

properly labelled it would serve a useful purpose in interesting and instructing casual visitors as well as in aiding students in botany in acquiring familiarity with the characteristics of the different species. The discovery of the great roost of crows west of the city was another occasion for the display of activity on the part of the Club. Some account of this interesting occurrence afterwards found its way into print, but the subject has not been studied as exhaustively as it should be. This list of work done might be greatly lengthened, but enough has been said, perhaps, to show that the Club has successfully fulfilled the purpose for which it was organized by Professor Martin. Its usefulness is by no means a thing of the past. On the contrary, the work done is steadily improving in quality. The Club contains now a number of younger members especially well equipped for work in natural history, and there is every reason to believe that the botany and the zoölogy of the region covered by the excursion map will in time be as thoroughly known as its geology is now. Perhaps when natural history obtains the recognition which it deserves in the secondary schools of the city the knowledge that the Field Club has been accumulating will be of practical use to many teachers and students.



Beta Theta Pi Fraternity.



Chapter Roll.

Harvard	<i>Eta.</i>	University of Cincinnati	<i>Beta Nu.</i>
Brown	<i>Kappa.</i>	Ohio	<i>Beta Kappa.</i>
Boston	<i>Upsilon.</i>	Western Reserve	<i>Beta.</i>
Maine State	<i>Beta Eta.</i>	Washington-Jefferson	<i>Gamma.</i>
Amherst	<i>Beta Iota.</i>	Ohio Wesleyan	<i>Theta.</i>
Dartmouth	<i>Alpha Omega.</i>	Bethany	<i>Psi.</i>
Wesleyan	<i>Mu Epsilon.</i>	Wittenberg	<i>Alpha Gamma.</i>
Yale	<i>Phi Chi</i>	Denison	<i>Alpha Eta.</i>
Rutgers	<i>Beta Gamma.</i>	Wooster	<i>Alpha Lambda.</i>
Cornell	<i>Beta Delta.</i>	Kenyon	<i>Beta Alpha.</i>
Stevens	<i>Sigma.</i>	Ohio State	<i>Theta Delta.</i>
St. Lawrence	<i>Beta Zeta.</i>	De Pauw	<i>Delta.</i>
Colgate	<i>Beta Theta.</i>	Indiana	<i>Pi.</i>
Union	<i>Nu.</i>	Michigan	<i>Lambda.</i>
Columbia	<i>Alpha Alpha.</i>	Wabash	<i>Tau.</i>
Syracuse	<i>Beta Epsilon.</i>	Hanover	<i>Iota.</i>
Dickinson	<i>Alpha Sigma.</i>	Knox	<i>Alpha Xi.</i>
Johns Hopkins	<i>Alpha Chi.</i>	Beloit	<i>Chi.</i>
Pa. State College	<i>Alpha Upsilon.</i>	University of Iowa	<i>Alpha Beta.</i>
Lehigh	<i>Beta Chi.</i>	Chicago	<i>Lambda Rho.</i>
Hampden-Sidney	<i>Zeta.</i>	Iowa Wesleyan	<i>Alpha Epsilon.</i>
North Carolina	<i>Etta Beta.</i>	Wisconsin	<i>Alpha Pi.</i>
Virginia	<i>Omicron.</i>	Northwestern	<i>Rho.</i>
Davidson	<i>Phi Alpha.</i>	Minnesota	<i>Beta Pi.</i>
Richmond	<i>Alpha Kappa.</i>	Westminster	<i>Alpha Delta.</i>
Centre	<i>Epsilon.</i>	Kansas	<i>Alpha Nu.</i>
Cumberland	<i>Mu.</i>	California	<i>Omega.</i>
Vanderbilt	<i>Beta Lambda.</i>	Denver	<i>Alpha Zeta.</i>
Texas	<i>Beta Omicron.</i>	Nebraska	<i>Alpha Tau.</i>
Miami	<i>Alpha.</i>	Missouri	<i>Zeta Phi.</i>



DREKA, PHILA

Beta Theta Pi Fraternity.



Alpha Chi Chapter.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1839.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1878.

Active Members.

GRADUATES.

George Melville Bolling, A. B.	William Hamilton Kirk, A. B.
H. K. Dunham, M. D.	George Lefevre, A. B.
Reid Hunt, A. B.	Earl P. Lothrop, M. D.
William W. McCulloh, A. B.	

UNDERGRADUATES.

Wilbur Ballagh, '95.	T. M. Leary, '97.
A. Raymond Stevens, '96.	Russell R. Burt, '97.
Alfred Dearing Harden, '96.	Charles K. Winne, '97.
James Eustace Shaw, '96.	

Frates in Universitate.

A. M. Carroll, Ph. D.	C. A. Penrose, A. B.
John G. Clark, M. D.	Brantz Mayer Roszel, A. B.
F. M. Fulton, A. B.	George Shipley, A. M.
C. B. Furst, A. B.	C. P. Sigerfoos, B. S.
J. E. Gilpin, Ph. D.	

Frates in Urbe.

Dr. Delano Ames.	Randolph Barton, Jr.
Dr. E. C. Applegarth.	Dr. W. Bolgiano.
L. F. Appold.	P. Bethel Boude.
Alfred Bagby.	Daniel L. Brinton.
Charles G. Baldwin.	Frank R. Butler.

Dr. Powhattan Clarke.
Robert C. Cole, Jr.
Vernon Cook.
W. W. Cotton.
George Cox.
John W. Detrick.
Dr. A. R. L. Dohme.
T. I. Elliott.
John P. Fleming.
Edgar Goodman.
Hon. William A. Hanway.
Randolph Isaacs.
J. Hemsley Johnson.
Bayley K. Kirkland.
Arthur L. Lamb.
Dr. E. S. Lambdin.
J. R. Larus.
Dr. F. W. Latham.
John Loney.
John D. Lord, Jr.
John H. Lour.
William L. Marbury.
Dr. J. N. McKenzie.
Waldo Newcomer.

Dr. J. R. Page.
Charles B. Penrose.
William H. Perkins, Jr.
James Reaney, Jr.
Albert M. Reese.
Rev. George Scholl.
Samuel H. Sessions.
Henry Shirk, Jr.
Benjamin B. Shreeves.
Charles E. Simon, M. D.
Willoughby N. Smith.
Charles D. Smoot.
Rev. W. R. Stricklen.
Lester L. Stevens.
Rev. Dr. H. Allen Tupper.
G. B. Wade.
Dr. W. F. Watson.
Rev. Edward E. Weaver.
Henry H. Wiegand.
Rev. J. M. Wilbur.
Henry W. Williams.
Rev. L. B. Wilson.
Dr. John R. Winslow.

Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity.



Chapter Roll.

Pennsylvania Alpha,	Washington and Jefferson College,	1852
Virginia Alpha,	University of Virginia,	1853
Virginia Beta,	Washington and Lee University,	1855
Pennsylvania Beta,	Allegheny College,	1855
Pennsylvania Gamma,	Bucknell University,	1855
Pennsylvania Epsilon,	Pennsylvania College,	1855
Virginia Gamma,	Hampden-Sidney College,	1855
South Carolina Alpha,	South Carolina University,	1857
Mississippi Alpha,	University of Mississippi,	1857
Pennsylvania Zeta,	Dickinson College,	1859
Pennsylvania Eta,	Franklin and Marshall College,	1860
Ohio Alpha,	Ohio Wesleyan University,	1861
Illinois Alpha,	Northwestern University,	1864
Indiana Alpha,	De Pauw University,	1865
Ohio Beta,	Wittenberg College,	1866
District of Columbia,	Columbian University,	1868
New York Alpha,	Cornell University,	1869
Pennsylvania Theta,	Lafayette College,	1869
Indiana Beta,	Indiana University,	1869
Indiana Gamma,	Wabash College,	1870
Wisconsin Alpha,	University of Wisconsin,	1875
Kansas Alpha,	University of Kansas,	1876
Michigan Alpha,	University of Michigan,	1876
Maryland Alpha,	Johns Hopkins University,	1876
Pennsylvania Iota,	University of Pennsylvania,	1877
Ohio Delta,	Ohio State University,	1880
Wisconsin Gamma,	Beloit College,	1881
New York Beta,	Syracuse University,	1884
Minnesota Beta,	University of Minnesota,	1887
New York Epsilon,	Colgate University,	1888
Pennsylvania Kappa,	Swathmore College,	1889
West Virginia Alpha,	University of West Virginia,	1890
New York Gamma,	Columbia College,	1891
Iowa Alpha,	Iowa University,	1891
California Beta,	Leland Stanford University,	1892

Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity.



Maryland Alpha Chapter.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1852.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1879.

CHAPTER HOUSE—600 N. HOWARD STREET.

Members of Academic Staff.

J. W. Bright.

M. D. Learned.

E. R. L. Gould.

W. W. Randall.

Woodrow Wilson.

Active Members.

GRADUATES.

Henry Fay.

George H. Hill.

George S. Maynard.

Thomas Dobbin Penniman.

Medical School.

James Fernandis Mitchell.

William Stephenson Baer.

Eugene Lindsay Opie.

Thomas Wood Hastings.

Caleb Rockford Stetson.

Class of Ninety-Five.

Lawrason Brown.

Charles Bevan Clark.

Class of Ninety-Six.

Clarence K. McCornick.

Charles Harwood Knight.

Willis Sylvester McCornick.

Jasper A. McCaskell.

William Dixon Lilly.

Class of Ninety-Seven.

Frederick Harry Baetjer.

Warfield Theobald Longcope.

Andrew D. Jones.



Phi Kappa Psi Alumni Association.



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BERWICK B. LANIER, *Vice-President.*

CHARLES M. HOWARD, *Secretary.*

W. B. D. PENNIMAN, *Treasurer.*

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Daniel M. Murray.

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B. B. Lanier.

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John Mason.

C. J. Armstrong.

Alan McLane, Jr.

William H. Bayless.

Robert M. McLane.

H. J. D. Bowdoin.

George D. Penniman.

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George Carey.

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Nielson P. Carey.

Daniel R. Randall.

Dr. P. J. Dashiell.

Robert Reuling.

William A. Dixon.

S. D. Schumacher.

Edward J. Farber.

Abraham Sharp.

Charles Frick.

Alan P. Smith, Jr.

D. Sterret Gittings.

Nathan R. Smith.

W. L. Glenn.

Frank S. Thomas.

D. Dorsey Guy.

I. Ridgeway Trimble.

Julian S. Jones.

G. Frank Turner.

Benjamin Kurtz.

A. C. Watkins.

F. Albert Kurtz.

W. Wallace Whitelock.

Berwick B. Lanier.

John F. Williams.

T. K. Worthington.

Delta Phi Fraternity.



Chapter Roll.

Alpha,	Union College.
Beta,	Brown University.
Gamma,	University of New York.
Delta,	Columbia College.
Epsilon,	Rutgers College.
Zeta,	Harvard College.
Eta,	University of Pennsylvania.
Lamda,	Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.
Nu,	Lehigh University.
Xi,	Johns Hopkins University.
Omicron,	Sheffield Scientific School.
Pi,	Cornell University.



ΠΡΟΛΟΓΟΣ

Delta Psi Fraternity.



FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1827.

CHAPTER FOUNDED AT JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, 1885.

CHAPTER HOUSE—849 HAMILTON TERRACE.

Members.

GRADUATES.

Henry A. Cooley.

Samuel V. Hoffman.

James Piper.

Class of Ninety-Five.

Roland B. Harvey.

John Donaldson Parker.

Stuart Symington Janney.

Bertie McIlvaine Torrence.

Class of Ninety-Six.

George H. Hodges.

Henry Pickering Parker.

Henry Waters Kennard.

Albert Cabell Ritchie.

Class of Ninety-Seven.

William L. Hodges.

Delta Phi Alumni Association.



HENRY OLIVER THOMPSON, *President.*

HARRY B. WILKINS, *Secretary.*

S. V. HOFFMAN, *Treasurer.*

Fratres in Urbe.

A. Duvall Atkinson.

J. J. Blandin.

James Page Brown.

Arthur L. Browne.

William H. Browne, Jr.

Sidney H. Browne.

Lawrence W. Clark.

Albert N. Connett.

Lewis Warrington Cottman.

Frank Daves.

George W. Dobbin.

Robert Archibald Dobbin.

Edward McCulloh Fisher.

Charles McH. Howard.

Thomas C. Jenkins.

Irving Keyser.

Osman Latrobe, Jr.

Eugene Levering, Jr.

H. C. Nitze.

J. Harry O'Donovan, M. D.

William B. Paca.

Edward B. Passano.

Robert Bogardus Parker.

Alfred W. Pleasants.

Harry B. Price.

William Reed.

Arnold K. Reese.

Edward Rust.

Hunter Robb, M. D.

Ernest Stokes, M. D.

John F. Symington.

William Royal Stokes, M. D.

R. T. Taylor, M. D.

Joseph Pembroke Thom.

Douglas C. Turnbull.

E. McE. Van Ness, M. D.

Ross W. Whistler.

Thomas D. Whistler.

Perè Letherbury Wickes, Jr.

R. Gordon Williams.

J. Whitridge Williams.

Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity.



Roll of Chapters.

Hamilton,	Hamilton College,	1832
Columbia,	Columbia College,	1837
Yale,	Yale University,	1837
Amherst,	Amherst College,	1837
Brunonian,	Brown University,	1837
Harvard,	Harvard University,	1837
Hudson,	Adelbert College,	1841
Bowdoin,	Bowdoin College,	1841
Dartmouth,	Dartmouth College,	1845
Peninsular,	University of Michigan,	1846
Rochester,	University of Rochester,	1850
Williams,	Williams College,	1851
Manhattan,	College of the City of New York,	1855
Middletown,	Wesleyan University,	1856
Kenyon,	Kenyon College,	1858
Union,	Union College,	1859
Cornell,	Cornell University,	1869
Phi Kappa,	Trinity College,	1878
Johns Hopkins,	Johns Hopkins University,	1889
Minnesota,	University of Minnesota,	1892
Toronto,	University of Toronto.	1893

Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity.



Johns Hopkins Chapter.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1832.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1889.

CHAPTER HOUSE—8 MADISON STREET, WEST.

Fratres in Universitate.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

Daniel C. Gilman.

William B. Clark.

Charles L. Poor.

Joseph S. Ames.

Bernard C. Steiner.

GRADUATES.

Arthur Henry Baxter, J. H. U., '94. Samuel Wardwell Kinney, Princeton, '94.

'94.

Gordon Jennings Laing, University

Mathew Maury Corbin, V. M. I., '94. of Toronto, '91.

Henry Stewart Gane, Amherst, '91. Henry Taylor Marshall, J. H. U.,

Theo. Woolsey Johnson, J. H. U., '94.

'92.

John Eugene Howard Post, J.H.U.,

'94.

UNDERGRADUATES.

Class of Ninety-Five.

Humphrey Warren Buckler.

Jacob Hall Pleasants, Jr.

Charles Alexander Kilvert.

John Hanson Thomas.

William Whitridge Williams.

Class of Ninety-Six.

Edwin Delaplaine Nelson.

Class of Ninety-Seven.

Edward Maguire Adams.

Louis Charles Lehr.

Herbert Henry Adams.

Ira Remsen, Jr.

Michael Earnest Jenkins.

Louis Marshall Warfield, Jr.

Thomas Dudley Williams.



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Theo. G. Ahrens.
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Walter H. Baldwin.
William S. Blackford.
William J. A. Bliss.
Leigh Bonsal.
Jeffrey R. Brackett.
George S. Brown.
Shellman B. Brown.
Thomas R. Brown.
Carter Bowie.
Rev. Jno. P. Campbell.
Samuel S. Carroll.
Bernard M. Carter.
Charles H. Carter.
Rev. Geo. C. Carter.
Shirley Carter.
Charles A. Conrad.
Samuel C. Donaldson.
Wm. L. Devries.
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Leroy Gresham.
Benjamin H. Griswold.
Benjamin H. Griswold, Jr.
G. Blayden Hazelhurst.
Charles E. Hill.
J. S. Hodges.
Rowland W. Hodges.
G. G. Hooper.
Hugh J. Jewett, Jr.
C. W. L. Johnson.

E. Parkin Keech.
William Keyser, Jr.
H. McElderry Knowler.
Richard H. Lawrence.
Rev. Dwight E. Lyman.
Ellis B. Long.
John D. McDonald.
Henry R. Micks.
Louis W. Miles.
Wm. R. Molinard.
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J. Alexander Preston.
Howard B. Shipley.
C. Bohn Slingluff.
J. D. Smith.
R. Clinton Smith.
Edgar S. Smith.
Charles M. Stewart, Jr.
Gustav L. Stewart.
John Stewart, Jr.
Redmond C. Stewart.
Felix R. Sullivan.
Samuel Theobald, Jr.
James Thompson.
Douglas H. Thomas, Jr.
J. A. Tompkins, Jr.
Edwin L. Turnbull.
Rev. W. F. Watkins, Jr.
Julian LeRoy White.
Rev. Franklin Wilson.

Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity.



Chapter Roll.

Alleghany College.	Pennsylvania College.
Bethel College.	Pennsylvania State College.
Bucknell University.	Richmond College.
Colgate University.	Roanoke College.
College City of New York.	Trinity College.
Columbia College.	Union College.
Cornell University.	University of California.
Denison University.	University City of New York.
DePauw University.	University of Kansas.
Hampden-Sidney College.	University of Michigan.
Hanover College.	University of Minnesota.
Illinois Wesleyan University.	University of North Carolina.
Indiana State University.	University of Pennsylvania.
Johns Hopkins University.	University of Tennessee.
Knox College.	University of Wisconsin.
Lafayette College.	University of Virginia.
Lehigh University.	Wabash College.
Leland Stanford University.	Washington and Lee University.
Marietta College.	Washington and Jefferson College.
Massachusetts Institute Technology.	Wittenburg College.
Muhlenburg College.	William Sewell College.
Ohio State University.	Wooster University.
Ohio Wesleyan University.	Worcester Polytechnic Institute.
Yale University.	



Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity.



Beta Mu Chapter.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1848.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1891.

CHAPTER HOUSE—714 MADISON AVENUE.

Frates in Universitate.

GRADUATES.

James Graham Hardy.
George Philip Krapp.

William Albert Nitze.
William Kirkwood Robinson.

Class of Ninety-Five.

Reuben Carl Foster.
Harry Harken Hubner.

William Horace Mulliken.
John Andrew Robinson.

Campbell Easter Waters.

Class of Ninety-Six.

Edmund Chauncey Baugher.
Malcolm Westcott Hill.

Norman Rogers.
Franklin G. Upshur.

Frederick Howard Warfield.

Class of Ninety-Seven.

William Winder Edmondson, Jr.
Lawrence Alexander Naylor.

Charles Keyser Edmunds.
Josiah Morris Slemmons.

Henry Merryman Wilson.

Frates in Urbe.

SOUTHERN ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Rev. Charles S. Albert.
W. Scott Amoss.
Robert F. Brent.
James E. Carr, Jr.

Howard Cassard.
W. Calvin Chesnut.
John W. Corning.
F. Henry Copper.

Charles H. Dickey.
J. Hooper Edmondson.
Arthur D. Foster.
James Swan Frick.
Rev. D. Frank Garland.
James H. Giese.
Alfred B. Giles, M. D.
Stephen C. Harry.
Nathan D. Hynson.
George E. Ijams.
James E. Ingram, Jr.
Lloyd L. Jackson, Jr.

Rev. B. F. Jones.
Clement March.
John Phelps.
Charles E. Phelps, Jr.
J. Hurst Purnell.
Frank V. Rhodes.
B. Howard Richards.
M. A. Sherretts.
Frank S. Taylor.
J. Ogle Warfield.
J. Chambers Weeks.
Otto B. Weik.

Frank West, M. D.

Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

(SOUTHERN.)



Chapter Roll.

Active Chapters.

Alpha,	Washington and Lee University,	1865
Beta,	Virginia Military Institute,	1868
Gamma,	University of Georgia,	1868
Delta,	Wofford College,	1869
Epsilon,	Emory College,	1869
Zeta,	Randolph-Macon College,	1869
Eta,	Richmond College,	1870
Theta,	State College of Kentucky,	1871
Iota,	Furman University,	1872
Kappa,	Mercer University,	1873
Lambda,	University of Virginia,	1873
Nu,	Alabama A. and M. College,	1883
Xi,	Southwestern University,	1883
Omicron,	University of Texas,	1883
Pi,	University of Tennessee,	1883
Sigma,	Davidson College,	1880
Upsilon,	University of North Carolina,	1881
Phi,	Southern University,	1882
Chi,	Vanderbilt University,	1883
Psi,	Tulane University,	1883
Omega,	Centre College,	1883
Alpha-Alpha,	University of the South,	1884
Alpha-Beta,	University of Alabama,	1885
Alpha-Gamma,	Louisiana State University,	1886
Alpha-Delta,	William Jewell College,	1887
Alpha-Epsilon,	Southwestern Presbyterian University,	1887
Alpha-Zeta,	William and Mary College,	1890
Alpha-Eta,	Westminster College,	1890
Alpha-Theta,	Kentucky University,	1891
Alpha-Iota,	Centenary College,	1891
Alpha-Kappa,	Missouri State University,	1891
Alpha-Lambda,	Johns Hopkins University,	1891
Alpha-Mu,	Millsaps College,	1893
Alpha-Nu,	Columbian University,	1894

Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

(SOUTHERN.)



Alpha Lambda Chapter.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1865.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1891.

fratres in Universitate.

FRATER IN FACULTATE.

G. Fonger DeHaan.

GRADUATES.

A. F. Bentley.

J. Blume.

T. F. P. Cameron.

E. P. Cooke.

J. A. C. Chandler.

Albert Lefevre.

Francis Mallory.

D. A. Penick.

J. M. S. Waring.

H. S. West.

UNDERGRADUATES.

Class of Ninety-Five.

B. H. Branch.

C. H. Hardin Branch.

R. L. Pierce.

E. P. Magruder.

Class of Ninety-Six.

O. F. Lackey.

J. M. West.

fratres in Urbe.

S. Z. Ammen.

G. L. Andrews.

Edward B. Anderson.

W. S. Brown.

Edwin Burgess.

G. W. Hodgson.

W. A. Hamilton.

H. Hamilton.

W. M. Redwood.

F. S. K. Smith.

F. G. Wilson.

W. Zemp.



Alumni Chapters.

Macon.
Richmond.

Augusta.
New York.
Washington.

Norfolk.
Raleigh.

State Alumni Associations.

South Carolina.
Alabama.

Louisiana.

Tennessee.

Virginia.

Members of Fraternities Having no Chapter at the
University.



A. T. Ω.

James. P. Kinard.

Nathan Allen Pattillo.

Δ. K. E.

W. D. Ball.

Roy S. Richardson.

Reginald R. Goodell.

Arthur S. Haggett.

Δ. T. Δ.

D. M. Myers.

Δ. Ψ.

James Curtis Ballagh.

Δ. T.

Lyman C. Newell.

Z. Ψ.

Charles B. Wilson.

K. Σ.

Thomas Wilson Atkinson.

Σ. A. E.

Morris L. Barr.

Σ. N.

J. M. McBryde.

C. N. McBryde.

Σ. X.

James Holdsworth Gordon.

Φ. Β. Κ.

James W. Bright.
William K. Brooks.
M. Brandow.
Thomas Craig.
H. S. Cooley.
F. S. Conant.
W. S. Day.
Arthur W. Elting.
H. J. Eberth.
W. W. Ford.
C. B. Furst.
D. C. Gilman.

E. H. Griffin.
J. G. Hardy.
J. T. Knox.
Marion D. Learned.
W. W. Landis.
G. B. Lynes.
J. H. Mason.
L. C. Newell.
Roger G. Perkins.
Charles Lane Poor.
Kirby F. Smith.
Bernard C. Steiner.

Minton Warren.

Φ. Δ. Θ.

E. C. Armstrong.
R. M. Bagg.
W. F. Ferguson.
P. F. Hoffman.

G. L. Hunner.
W. W. Landis.
W. S. Lewis.
W. H. Magruder.

H. A. Sayre.

Φ. Θ. Ψ.

Samuel R. Hendren.
Glanville Y. Rusk.

E. Emmet Reid.
Frank R. Rutter.

William Wingert.

Φ. Κ. Ε.

J. B. Walker.

Χ. Φ.

A. M. Muckenfuss.

Ψ. Υ.

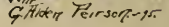
G. Briggs Lynes.

Κ. Α.

(NORTHERN.)

Nathaniel E. Griffin.

Roger Griswold Perkins.



(More or less Active.)

Marcus Kaufman.
Chas. Alex. Kilvert.
Edward Spiller Oliver.
John Donaldson Parker.
John Andrew Robinson.
Wm. Wingert.

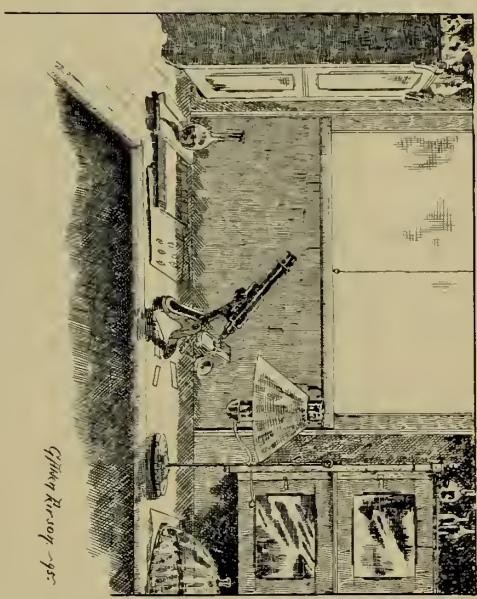
BUCKLER
jumped on
by Prof



BROWN
catches crab
for the laboratory



Dissecting
as practiced
by
GRAX



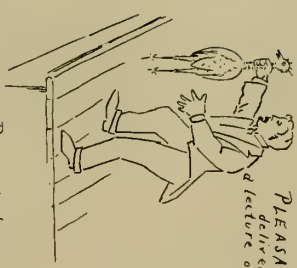
Gilman Krieger - 95

Group III Scientific Association.



RUSK

PLEASANTS
delivers
a lecture on birds.



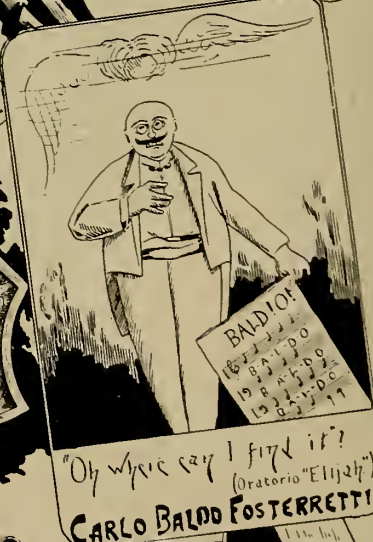
Rosenheim
makes a few preparations-
and then?





EMILIO

MENGA



**THE
DAGO
CLUB**



J. H. U. BAR ASSOCIATION.



1895
⑦

History of Athletics at the Johns Hopkins.



THE history of athletics at the Johns Hopkins University need bring no blush to the cheeks of her staunchest adherent. Our University has ever stood for sport, for sport's sake. Formerly this was the basis of all college athletics, and as long as it was predominant, the Johns Hopkins held no mean position.

That athletics at our colleges are what they are, is due mainly to the fact that in the last ten or fifteen years the idea that the "game" *must* be won, by fair means or foul, has so seized upon the minds of many prominent college athletes that it has entirely displaced all other. Especially is this to be seen in the football contests. We are led to believe that at some of our very largest colleges and universities the captain of the football team makes an annual trip through the surrounding States, visiting all the colleges. The only reason to be assigned for such a proceeding is that he was sent out by his Alma Mater's athletic committee, at their expense, to persuade (some say by a financial argument) the most prominent footballists, to "take a course" at his college. At many of the smaller colleges athletics are on a no purer basis. We cannot but deplore the fact that such a game should have so deteriorated. This fact has frequently been stated, but a remedy has not been so often mentioned.

In baseball this has not been the case to so great an extent, and the 'Varsity ball team has long made a better showing than the football eleven. Lacrosse has remained the purest of all college athletics. In it Hopkins has ever been near the front. A careful perusal of this article will, we think, throw some light on the present state of athletics. In it the history of the various field games at the Johns Hopkins University is traced from the time when gentlemen indulged in field games for healthy exercise and pleasure to the present, when few *gentlemen* can hope to play so as to win the coveted victory.

1881.

In the fall of 1881 the Clifton Club, the first 'Varsity football team, was organized by Walter Canfield and John Glenn. No games were

played this year, but the men spent their time in learning the rules and in practice at Druid Hill Park, for Clifton had as yet no campus.

1882.

Early in October of this year a meeting was held in Hopkins Hall for the promotion of athletic sports at the University. The 'Varsity football team was reorganized with B. E. O'Connor, captain. The first game was played on October 7th, with the Baltimore Athletic Club, and after a "bloody" contest the B. A. C. won by the close score of 4 to 0. Among the players of the Athletic Club were Tunstall Smith, Gus. Ober and Dr. Iglehart. Nothing daunted, the Hopkins played a game with the Naval Cadets on Thanksgiving Day, in about two inches of snow. The Hopkins boys had never seen a canvas jacket before, and a long dispute took place as to whether it was not an unfair advantage for the "Middies" to wear them. The game was started by the



B. E. O'CONNOR.

Cadets kicking off. The ball was kept for some time nearly in the middle of the field, and the spirited playing abounded in many runs, kicks and disputes. Occasionally, both teams would be piled up in a struggling, writhing mass, for such a thing as "downs" were then unheard of.

At the end of the first half neither side had scored. When the ball was again put in play, Pleasants sent it well down towards the Cadets' goal, but by short rushes it was carried back, and the Cadets scored their first touch-down. A few minutes later they scored again, after a phenomenal run. Hopkins then took a brace, and O'Connor and Canfield carried the ball to within a few feet of the Cadets' goal, when time was called, and the score stood: Cadets, 2 touch-downs; Hopkins, 0.

The team this year was as follows: Rushers, B. E. O'Connor (Capt.), H. Reid, John Pleasants, Charles Frick, Charles Howard, B. T. Roberts, L. Huggins, W. B. Canfield; quarter-back, A. L. Stevens; left-back, J. Page; full-back, Harry Thomas.

1883.

The fall of 1883 opened very auspiciously. Through the influence of Dr. E. M. Hartwell, now of Boston, Hopkins engaged more exten-

sively in athletic sports. A cricket team was formed, which played two games with the Baltimore Cricket Club at Mt. Washington, but being badly beaten on both occasions, it was finally decided that this branch of out-door sport was not suited to the stalwart Hopkinsians. After this they voted to devote all their energies to football.

The football team this year was captained by Lawrason Riggs. The players were Charles Howard, John Hinkley, Richard Burton (present editor of the *Hartford Courant*), and L. Riggs, rushers; W. B. Canfield, quarter-back; A. L. Stevens and J. Pleasants, half-back; Harry Thomas, full-back. The team practiced faithfully for the first few weeks of the academic year at Newington Park, on Pennsylvania Avenue, which was obtained by the Faculty for that purpose. The first game was played with the University of Pennsylvania on Saturday, October 20th, and it was then that the Hopkins boys for the first time heard the awe-inspiring "'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Pennsylvania!" The final score of 26 to 6 shows that the Hopkins played brilliantly, though defeated. A return game in Philadelphia, a week later, resulted in a score of 30 to 0, in favor of the Quakers.

The football season of 1883 culminated in a game with the Naval Cadets, on Thanksgiving Day, November 29. The Cadets, confident of another victory, had invited their friends to witness the game, while genuine Hopkins "rooters," covered with blue and black ribbons, stood ready to encourage their team. The playing was fierce, and the tackling, at times, terrific. Soon, however, the superior skill of the Hopkins men became evident, and a safety was scored. At the end of the first half the score was 1 to 0, in Hopkins' favor. In the second half, the Cadets were on their mettle, and quickly forced the ball down into Hopkins' territory, when Dashiell, at that time playing with the Cadets, kicked what everyone thought to be a goal, but Captain Riggs, having detected an off-side play, appealed to his brother Billy, who was acting as umpire, and had it declared "no goal." At first the crowd jeered, but Billy's immense size protected the Hopkins men, and prevented any further display of hostilities. The Hopkins team, frightened by their narrow escape, took a brace and quickly scored another safety, thus giving them the honor of winning the first game for their Alma Mater.

The first baseball team was organized the following spring by the untiring Canfield, who may truly be termed "the father" of Hopkins athletics. No true records of the early 'Varsity baseball teams are to be found, since it was not until several years later that they attained

prominence in the University. Tradition says that the first game was played with the Woodberrys, and that it ended in a free fight at the end of the second inning.



WALTER B. CANFIELD.

1884.

The Eighty-four football team was by far the strongest which had yet represented the Hopkins on the "gridiron," being greatly strengthened by the additions of Leigh Bonsal, of Harvard, and Johnson Poe, of Princeton, together with Conant, Carey, Bruce, and Archer. The first game was played with the Kendall College deaf mutes, who have always been good natured enough to allow the Hopkins to beat them. In the first half 15 points were scored by Poe, Canfield and Bonsal. In second half,

the Hopkins men fell off in their playing and no points were scored by either side. Encouraged by this victory, the team arranged for another contest with Pennsylvania. The game was played at Monumental Park, Saturday, November 15. In the first half the Hopkins men played phenomenally, allowing the Philadelphians but two points on a safety. Riggs was injured in the second half and the Hopkins men, disheartened by this fall, let up in their playing and lost the game by the score of 32 to 0.

The annual Thanksgiving Day game with the Cadets resulted in a victory for the latter by the close score of 9 to 6. In this match Scudder and McLane acted as halves, and Waltemeyer took Riggs' place in the line. In the first half a high wind favorable to Hopkins was blowing and a touch-down was quickly scored by Bonsal, who was the terror of the whole Cadet team. A safety, made a few seconds later, ended the first half with a score of 6 to 0, in Hopkins' favor. The wind, in the second half, before favorable to Hopkins, now aided the Cadets in making a touch-down, and a goal from the field, a few minutes later, gave them the game. This defeat may in a measure be accounted for by the fact that in the latter part of the game Bonsal's ankle was badly sprained.

The baseball team of this season did not distinguish itself as the football eleven had done. The games were chiefly with local teams and usually resulted in defeats for Hopkins.

1885-'86.

At a meeting of the General Athletic Association, in the fall of 1885, the prospects of the football team were talked over and considered very bright. A scrub team was organized, and, for the first time in the history of Hopkins, the scrub and 'Varsity practiced *regularly*.

The first game was played with Princeton, but the result, 108 to 0, rather dampened the ardor of the Hopkins rooters. The crushing defeat, however, which the boys administered to the Chester Military Academy, on the following Saturday, restored confidence. And a Thanksgiving Day game was again played with the Cadets, at Annapolis, and resulted, after a very hard struggle, in victory for Hopkins, by the score of 12 to 8. A defeat by Swarthmore, with a score of 16 to 0, ended the season.

This year an indoor athletic exhibition was held with great success, and in the spring, the first annual field games took place at Clifton, under the auspices of the Athletic Association. No records of baseball for this year can be found.

1886-'87.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association held in the beginning of the ninth academic year of the University, Dashiell, Canfield, Fearn, Tarleton, Williams, Randall and Gildersleeve were elected as directors of the Association. It became evident that the prospects for a good football team were very poor. Challenges were received from Princeton, University of Pennsylvania and Swarthmore, and were promptly declined, as only a few of the members of last year's team were left. Finally, a game was arranged with the deaf mutes of Kendall Green, to be played the early part of November. This game proved to be the hardest fought contest between Kendall and Hopkins ever played, and only after a hard struggle did the Dummies succumb to a score of three touch-downs to none. A return game was arranged to be played, and on the following Saturday, Kendall came to Clifton, fully determined to win back her laurels. But not so, for the Hopkins, encouraged by a high wind and about twenty spectators, played havoc with their opponents, who, however, were game to the last. The final score of 30 to 0, does not show the fierceness of the game nor the number of good plays in which it abounded.

The next game was played with St. John's, at Clifton, and resulted in a tie. The St. John's team came up from Annapolis expecting to have a walkover. The Hopkins, though weakened by the loss of three players, put up a plucky game. In the first half there was no scoring,

but in the second, each side made one touch-down and goal. There were many disputes throughout the game, and several changes of umpires took place, though at the end no ill-feeling was harbored.



WYATT W. RANDALL.

The Hopkins played two games with the Cadets this year and lost both. The first, by a score of 6 to 0, was mainly due to the fact that nearly half the Hopkins team missed the train and their places had to be filled with substitutes. The second was played on Thanksgiving Day, in a cold nor'easter, and was very close and exciting, the Cadets winning in the last few minutes of play, by a score of 15 to 14. The best work was done for Hopkins by Paul Dashiell, Jesse Riggs and Wyatt Randall. This last game ended the

football season for the year and the men settled down to nurse their bruised limbs and broken bones. The members of the team were: Rushers, Gildersleeve, Riggs, Tarleton, Wilson, Lay, Fearn, Emery and Burroughs; quarter-back, Canfield; half-backs, Willoughby and Dashiell; full-back, Randall.

The baseball team in the season of 1887 gained fresh laurels to replace those lost on the gridiron the previous fall. Twelve games were played—seven won and five lost. Such teams as those of the Naval Academy, Lehigh, Williams College, and St. John's, were beaten, and close games were played with Princeton and University of Pennsylvania.

1887-'88.

The tenth academic year of the Johns Hopkins University opened very auspiciously, but there was little joy in the opening of the sixth year of the football team. Few of the old men returned and the numerous giants reported to have entered the Freshman Class, failed to materialize. Captain Dashiell had great difficulty in getting together a team, and afterward in the few games they played, he did the work of ten men.

The first game was at Annapolis, with St. John's, and resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 6 to 0. This was the first time the Hopkins boys had been worsted by St. John's.

The Thanksgiving Day game with the Cadets began in a dispute which lasted throughout the game, sometimes growing so hot that the Hopkins men prepared to beat a hasty retreat. Hopkins had skill, the Cadets endurance and muscle. The game was finally awarded to the Cadets by a score of 2 to 0. This year's team was made up as follows: Rushers, Whitelock, O'Donovan, Wallace, Fearn, Lay, Gildersleeve and Riggs; quarter-back, Emery; half-backs, Dashiell (capt.), and Willoughby; full-back, W. W. Randall.



CHAS. H. HERTY.

Bare facts are all that exist in regard to the baseball season of 1888. The team's course, however, seems to have been a successful one, as they won seven games and tied two. The make-up of the team was as follows: Dashiell (capt.), p.; Foster, c.; F. Willoughby, 1 b.; Willoughby, 2 b.; Brown, 3 b.; Lamb, s. s.; Herty, r. f.; Muxx, c. f.; Guy and Grey, l. f.

1888-'89.

The year of 1888-'89 was the most successful recorded in the athletic history of the Johns Hopkins University. The 'Varsity football team was the finest that had ever represented it and some of the games it played with the strong elevens throughout the country have become honored traditions. In the spring of this same year, lacrosse, which has ever since been regarded as the mainstay of Hopkins athletes, was introduced. The football team was captained by P. J. Dashiell, with the following players: Rushers, J. H. Finley, Fearn, Carey, Burrough, Painter, Hill, Gilman, Randall; quarter-back, Emery; half-backs, Dashiell and Whitelock; full-back, Madison Brown. The first game was played with the deaf mutes from Washington, and, as usual, these accommodating individuals were beaten. After a few games with minor clubs the Hopkins once more decided to soar higher and a game was accordingly scheduled with what was believed to be the Princeton scrub. This game was played at Oriole Park, and though vanquished, the Johns Hopkins team made an unexpectedly brilliant showing, even the most enthusiastic of their followers having predicted a score somewhere in the hundreds, when before the game it was re-

ported that the scrub had brought with them as players Hector Cowan and the majority of the 'Varsity team. It was a victory not so much of skill and science as of weight and muscle; most of the pretty and brilliant plays were made by Hopkins men in getting the ball out of dangerous proximity to their goal. The veteran Canfield who was in town on a holiday, always managed to get where he was least wanted by the Princetonians. Fearn and O'Donovan did excellent work in the rush line, while Dashiell and Whitelock distinguished themselves by their brilliant and fearless plays. Elated by their success the Hopkins men arranged a game with the University of Pennsylvania, and again the Hopkins rooters had a chance to yell themselves hoarse. This game was very rough, the Pennsylvania men gaining ground by brute force. Slugging was frequent and the 'Varsity men also, though overmatched in strength, showed themselves well skilled in this art, as the bloody noses of several of the Philadelphians could testify. The final score of 22 to 10 showed how hard Pennsylvania must have worked to win. The best playing for Hopkins was done by Dashiell and Riggs, touch-downs being scored by both.

Other games played this year with St. John's Naval Academy, University of Virginia and Baltimore Club resulted in overwhelming victories for the University players, and it was with much regret that this team, the strongest which has ever represented the Blue and Black, finally disbanded.

Tennis was also in great favor this season. In a tournament held in the spring, Mr. A. T. Murray won the singles, and Messrs. Murray and Dashiell the doubles.



GEO. C. MORRISON.

The Lacrosse Association, founded about this time by several enthusiasts of the game, has since proved one of the happiest ventures in the history of Hopkins athletics. The interest in the game has steadily increased from that time, and, although only once has our team succeeded in winning the championship, Hopkins has always been regarded as one of the strongest lacrosse centres in the country. The first team in 1888 was captained by Clinton L. Riggs, and managed by Geo. C.

Morrison. The team was composed of the following players: Cone,

goal; T. M. Browne, point; C. Watts, cover point; Williams, Hilles and Guggenheimer, defense field; Coastes, centre; Riggs, Lanier and McPherson, attack; Field, Roszel, out-home; Morrison, in-home. Games were played with the Druids, who won by a score of 5 to 1, and with the Pattersons, who were beaten by a score of 6 to 2.

The achievements of the baseball team this season are again enveloped in obscurity. It is known, however, that they won considerably more games than they lost, defeating Pennsylvania Military Academy 15 to 9, and to the great joy of all Hopkins sympathizers, the Naval Academy, by the close score of 2 to 1.

1889-'90.

The football season of 1889 was indeed a disastrous one, as is seen from the number of defeats. The team was captained by H. Burroughs, and was made up as follows: Gilman, Carey, ends; Cone, Shipley, tacklers; Hewes, Mustard, guards; Burrough, centre; G. D. Emery, Mitchell and Whitelock, half-backs; F. B. Brown, full-back. The games with the Naval Academy, Lehigh, and the University of Virginia were lost. Only one game during the season was won—that with the Franklins, a team composed of boys from the various preparatory schools.

This year the event of greatest interest to Hopkins athletics was the admission of the lacrosse team into the Inter-Collegiate Lacrosse Association, in the place of Harvard. This happy result was brought about by Morris Brown, our representative at the meeting of the Association. Our team, captained by Brantz Roszel, was greatly strengthened by the addition of several men familiar with the game. No championship matches were played this year, but the team defeated Lehigh by the score of 6 to 0 in a very pretty and sharply contested game. Two tie games were played, one with the Druids, the other with a Philadelphia team. Thus ended quite successfully the second season of lacrosse at the Hopkins.

The baseball season of 1890 was characterized by few incidents worthy of mention. The scores of the games did not achieve any glorious or enviable reputation for the team. The season opened with every prospect of a good year, but after defeating the Franklins and Lehigh, the men, considering themselves invincible, broke training, and as a result lost the majority of the remaining games.

1890-'91.

The outlook for football in the fall of 1890 was dark. The various stars reported to be in the Freshmen Class and among the graduates

failed to materialize, and but few members of the preceding year's team were still at the University. Affairs were almost at a standstill when the fertile brain of some genius suggested the formation of an Inter-Class League, managers from the different classes met, and after due deliberation framed the constitution of the Inter-Class League. From a state of apathy, interest in football grew to fever-heat. The several teams practiced in the tennis court and on various suburban lots. At last the 8th of November came, the day set for the first game between Ninety-two and Ninety-three. The fierceness of this struggle is too fresh in the minds of all to necessitate any details. It will suffice to say that after fifty minutes of play, eleven Freshmen were sadly borne off the field by their sympathizing classmates, while swollen and bruised Juniors received the congratulations of their friends.

The next game was between Ninety-one and Ninety-three, and came off on the following Saturday. Owing to some accidents the Senior team was in a crippled condition, in consequence of which the Freshmen felt jubilant. In the first half neither side scored, but when play was again resumed in the second half, a decided brace in Ninety-one's line work was shown, in consequence of which the one and only touch-down was made by splendid rushes through the Freshman line.

The final game between Ninety-one and Ninety-two was played on the 23rd of November, before a large and enthusiastic crowd. The Seniors were the first to score, on a touch-down by Carey, but the Juniors put up a plucky fight and in the last few minutes of the game managed to tie the score. According to the constitution this required another game to decide the championship, and the week after Christmas saw the two teams again on the field. The story of this game need not be told, the result, 8 to 0, in favor of Ninety-one, is well remembered.

The lacrosse team this year was again captained by Roszel. The team now entered upon a new era in its existence. The first games were played in the Inter-Collegiate Lacrosse Association. Although the team of this year was the strongest ever put in the field by the University, yet it failed to realize the somewhat sanguine expectations of the students. At Lehigh the game was lost by a score of 2 to 3, and at Princeton they again lost by the same number of goals. The last game of the season, that with Stevens, proved a walkover for the Hopkins through their fine team play and stick work.

One of the most interesting features in the history of Johns Hopkins athletics was the adoption, in the fall of 1891, of a new constitution for the Athletic Association. This introduced two new provisions which

have had a marked influence in the University's athletic career. First, the representation of the various classes on the Board of Directors, and second, the election of an Alumni Advisory Committee. The idea of these two provisions was to allow the undergraduates to be represented, and to bring the alumni into closer touch with the athletic interests.

The baseball team started the season with a series of brilliant victories, defeating Dartmouth by the score of 7 to 6, and the Naval Academy and the University of Virginia by scores of 14 to 5 and 16 to 13, respectively, besides several local teams, including the Pastimes and the Young Men's Christian Association Browns; but here their victorious career came to a sudden standstill, and George-



PAUL J. DASHIELL.

town, Dickinson, the Pastimes and the Naval Academy, successively, defeated them. Two more games, both with the University of Virginia, were all that remained of the season. The honors were here divided, the Hopkins winning the first, 2 to 1, and losing the second by a score of 3 to 13.

This season will always be looked back upon with sorrow as the last year of Paul Dashiell's long career with the baseball and football teams. Ever since his entrance into the University in 1884, he had formed the mainstay and support of the teams. Such a man as the permanent head of athletics at the Johns Hopkins would raise it to a position where it might successfully cope with colleges of its own rank in scholarship.

1891-'92.

The football season of 1891 was short and sweet. As usual, the first week's prospects were exceedingly bright. Mr. E. A. Poe, of Princeton, was engaged as coach, and visions of Princeton tricks and tactics filled the dreams of the enthusiasts. After two days' training the team went to Carlisle, where they were completely overwhelmed by Dickinson, which rolled up a score of 54 to 0. The team at once disbanded, and the football energies of the University were expended upon inter-class contests. The final game for the championship between Ninety-two and Ninety-three fully equaled that of the previous year in

the well merited interest it aroused. The two teams were so well matched that neither was able to score more than once, Ninety-two's failure to kick an easy goal losing them the game.

The lacrosse season of 1891 is memorable as being the first in which the Johns Hopkins attained any distinction in inter-collegiate athletics, for it was that year they won the championship, defeating both Lehigh (5 to 2) and Stevens (7 to 1) in successive contests. This is especially creditable when we remember that Captain Roszel organized his team under extremely discouraging conditions, for interest in the game had reached its lowest point on account of the poor showing of the previous year. The result accomplished by his tireless efforts reflects the highest credit on himself and his men.

The baseball team that represented the University this year was undoubtedly the most successful that ever played under the name of J. H. U. The season opened with a victory over Pennsylvania—12 innings; score 3 to 1. Then followed a long string of victories: Naval Academy, Columbia Athletic Club, Dickinson, Franklins, Pastimes, being among them. The only games lost were to Pennsylvania, Franklins and Virginia. The success of the season was due mainly to the untiring efforts of Captain Griffiss, who developed in his team the best work ever exhibited at Hopkins. The team this year was composed of the following men: W. E. McColloh, c.; W. W. Wood, p. and c. f.; J. E. Davis, p.; W. W. Landis, 1 b.; J. S. Taylor, s. s.; L. Brown, 3 b.; J. H. Purnell, l. f.; R. B. Parker, r. f.; W. Griffiss (capt.), 2 b.



W. STUART SYMINGTON.

1892-'93.

The football team of 1892 was perhaps the most uniformly successful ever put on the field. It was decided at a large mass-meeting of students interested in athletics to revive the 'Varsity team, and sufficient means were contributed to support it. The men selected worked faithfully and practiced regularly in the "Gym." and at Clifton. In the course of a few weeks a game was arranged with the Baltimore Athletic Club, which resulted in a score of 20 to 0, in favor of the 'Varsity. Encouraged by this and several other brilliant

victories, the Hopkins challenged the St. John's College team to play for the State championship. The first game, played in Baltimore, was brought to an abrupt close by the St. John's men leaving the field, and the game was awarded to Hopkins. A final game was later played at Annapolis, and for the second time our veterans defeated their opponents by the score of 10 to 6.

The lacrosse season of 1893, while not so brilliant as that of the preceding year, was a success both from a financial standpoint and as regards the work of the team. After several practice games, the first championship match was played with Stevens, resulting in a victory for Hopkins by a score of 6 to 3. A week later the last game of the season was played in Baltimore with Lehigh University. In the first half the teams were evenly matched, but later the superior training of the visitors became powerfully apparent, and in a blinding rain they rolled up the score of 6 goals to 3. The season closed very successfully, however, with a victory over the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy, at the Country Club, Philadelphia, which presented a silver medal to each member of the victorious team.

Contrary to custom, the baseball team started the season in a quiet and unassuming manner, and spent their time in hard work, the effect of which was seen in the game played with Yale, score 7 to 7, on April 3rd. But the inevitable slump was quickly reached, a misfortune greatly to be regretted on account of the unprecedented interest the Yale game had aroused.

The results of the present year's football team and of last year's lacrosse team will be told in another part of this volume.

Having briefly told the short and not very brilliant history of the athletic teams of the Johns Hopkins, the editors believe that they could not close better than by repeating a few words of advice given by an old Hopkins alumnus :

“The whole system of athletics at the Hopkins needs overhauling, and a man of energy and ability put at the head of the athletic department who can train and coach the teams, and keep the men together and urge them to practice regularly. A good athletic grounds within ten or fifteen minutes' walk from the University, is another crying need. Given these conditions, good teams would soon be developed, and our University would before long take the place in athletics to which she has a right.”

The New Athletic Associations.



THE separation of the baseball, football and lacrosse interests from the general Athletic Association is not a new idea. The impression that the Athletic Association was not doing as much for the teams as separate organizations would do, has been growing in the minds of those most closely connected with sports.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Athletic Association, held January 22, 1895, it was decided to appoint a committee to devise a plan for the separation. The committee reported before a general meeting of the Athletic Association, February 19, 1895, and its report was adopted.

The report advised that the Senior and Junior Classes be each entitled to two representatives on the Governing Boards of the new associations, that two delegates be elected at large, and that the President of the Athletic Association, *ex-officio*, together with the Captain and Manager, elected by the Board, be also included in its members. The committee also suggested that there be embodied in the constitutions of the new organizations a requirement that the Managers submit their reports, at the end of each season, to the Advisory Alumni Committee.

The report was adopted, and as this book goes to press the constitutions of the new Baseball, Football, and Lacrosse Associations are being drawn up.

Delegates from '95.

Football.

J. Hanson Thomas.
Stuart S. Janney.

Baseball.

Lawrason Brown.
William W. Williams.

Lacrosse.

Stuart S. Janney.
C. H. Hardin Branch.

Delegates from '96.

Football.

George H. Hodges.
William D. Lilly.

Baseball.

Oscar F. Lackey.
Harry P. Parker.

Lacrosse.

A. Raymond Stevens.
Malcolm W. Hill.





MACKAY.	L. BROWN.	THOMAS.	PARKER.
COTTMAN.	S. BROWNE.	NEILSON.	WILLIAMS.
	PINDELL.	MCCORNICK.	

Johns Hopkins Baseball Team, 1894.



LAWRASON BROWN, *Captain.*

J. HANSON THOMAS, *Manager.*

L. Brown, *Catcher.*

J. H. Purnell, *Third Base.*

J. S. Taylor, }
W. McCornick, } *Pitchers.*

S. H. Browne, *Short Stop.*

B. H. Griswold, *Left Field.*

E. D. Nelson, *First Base.*

L. W. Cottman, *Centre Field.*

O. Lackey, *Second Base.*

W. W. Williams, *Right Field.*

Substitutes.

J. D. Parker.

H. P. Parker.

D. S. Pindell.

Johns Hopkins	vs. Towsons	2 to 4.
Johns Hopkins	vs. Carey's School	3 to 3.
Johns Hopkins	vs. Columbian University	10 to 4.
Johns Hopkins	vs. University of Vermont	6 to 13.
Johns Hopkins	vs. University of Pennsylvania	1 to 27.
Johns Hopkins	vs. Baltimore City College	19 to 1.
Johns Hopkins	vs. Georgetown College	8 to 24.
Johns Hopkins	vs. Kendall College	9 to 2.
Johns Hopkins	vs. Baltimore Club	22 to 2.
Johns Hopkins	vs. Franklin and Marshall	5 to 17.
Johns Hopkins	vs. Kendall College	2 to 6.

Games Played	11.
“ Won	4.
“ Lost	6.
“ Tied	1.

RECOGNIZING that in athletic sports the chief thing to be obtained is pleasure and exercise, and NOT paltry games won or lost, or large gate receipts, the Johns Hopkins Baseball Team realized the *summum bonum* of athletics. One of the numerous proofs of this statement is the large scores rolled up in her games.

That the season was not a success was not due to Catcher Wilbur Robinson, Captain of the Baltimore Baseball Team, Champions of the World, 1894. After four weeks of hard work, Coacher Robinson finally

succumbed to the inevitable, and went South, broken down in health. The reason of this was that the ideas held by the coacher and the team as to the final end of athletics were entirely different. Coacher Robinson's ideal was to win games ; the team's, to play without practice. So successfully did the team accomplish their end, that the same nine men did not play together more than once during the season, but the players reaped the benefits of a wider range of acquaintances.

The season opened auspiciously ; a picked team, composed of professionals and semi-professionals, barely defeated nine Hopkins "ball tossers" (?) arrayed in suits which vied in variety of color with Professor Rowland's spectrum.

The next game was at Clifton with nine Towsonites and one umpire against the 'Varsity. It was not the umpire, but the other nine that made the score.

On an eventful day soon after this, a game was played with Carey's School Team. Sky-blue, not Hopkins, prevailed for some days.

But the gloom dispelled when the Columbian University of Washington was taken into camp. A close defeat by Vermont was not considered a disgrace. Hitherto the scores had been within respectable bounds, but now the theory of limits had to be called into play to determine the score—limits of human endurance. Penn led the van. But revenge was sweet when the Baltimore City College chased the horsehide while 19 circuits of the bases were made. With fresh courage Georgetown was tackled. The courage lasted six innings, and then the score stood 6 to 0, in Hopkins' favor. But strange things happen, and Georgetown made an extremely unpleasant ending of what had promised to be a delightful game.

Hopkins never plays better than after a hard rainstorm. So in the next game Kendall College was "easy fruit," and some days later the Baltimore Club could not think of discouraging the 'Varsity, and lost a game to them. Every man who went to Franklin and Marshall College knows well the geography of that section of Pennsylvania, especially that part in the Harrisburg depot where benches all too short and hard to sleep upon are found. The game at Lancaster had best be forgotten.

Kendall now got her revenge, and was not loath to seize upon it. The last game of the season resulted in such a defeat that none of the team has ever remembered what became of masks, mits, bats, chest protector and other paraphernalia. Washington College, Chestertown, was accountable for it.

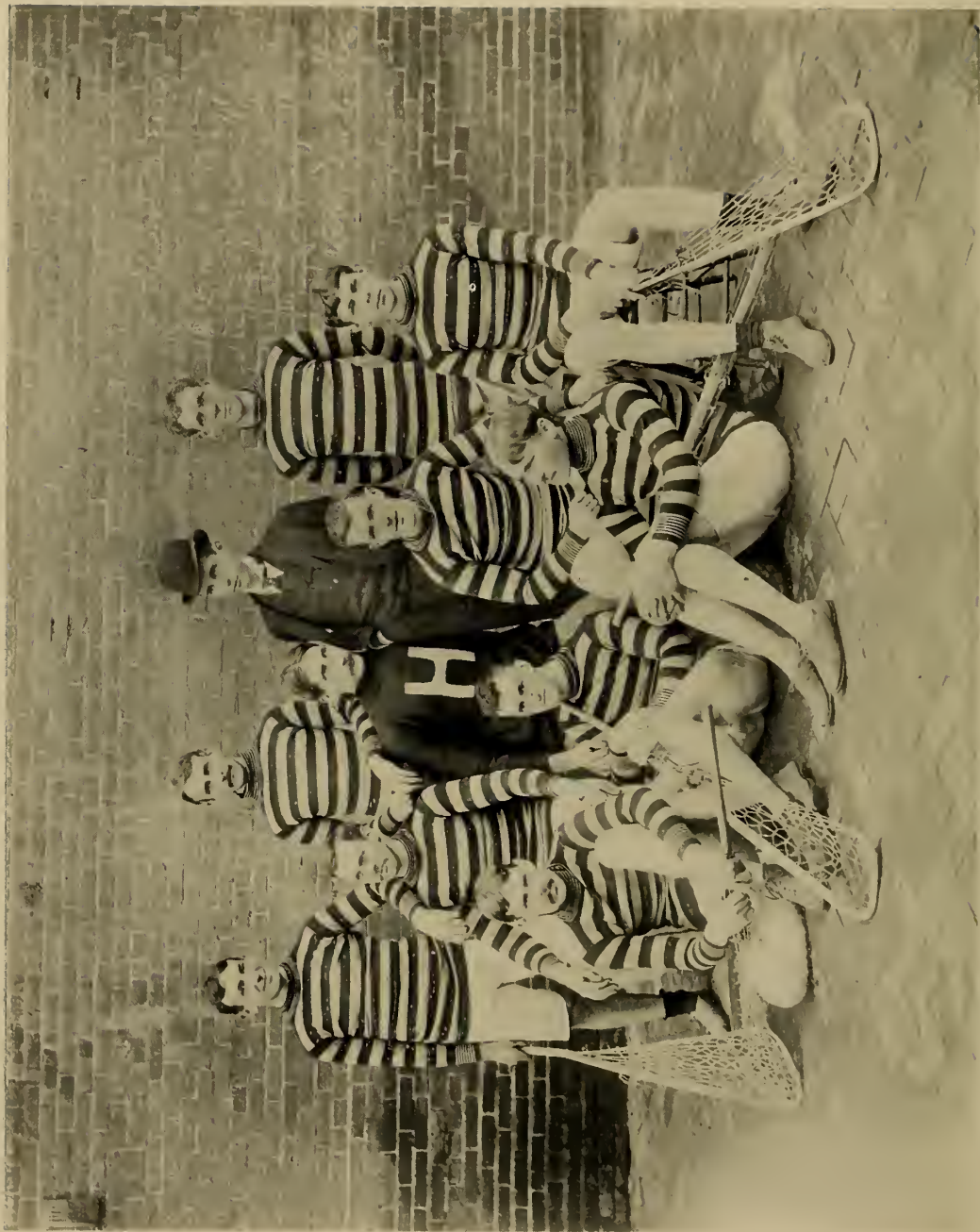
Lacrosse.



LAST year's experience does not seem to verify the oft repeated assertion that interest in lacrosse is dying out in Baltimore, for the attendance at the several games played here during the past spring showed rather an increased appreciation for this form of athletics. The lovers of lacrosse will be glad to learn that at present everything points to a general revival of the game throughout the East.

To understand the present status of lacrosse, a word in regard to its past history is necessary. Only a few years ago nearly all the principal colleges were represented by excellent teams. The records of the Inter-Collegiate Lacrosse Association show on their rolls the names of Harvard, Yale and Princeton. The first two of these drew out because of a general lack of interest. Princeton, the last of the three to abandon the game, did so in the belief that it was injurious to football interests. That these two games may exist side by side, with benefit rather than injury to each other, is to be inferred from the fact that after a thorough investigation, several coaches of the Harvard football team recently recommended that lacrosse be introduced as the spring practice of candidates for the 'Varsity eleven.

The work of the Hopkins team during the past season, notwithstanding the fact that it won only the second place, was most satisfactory. Active practice began early in the spring, and continued without interruption until the final championship game. Enough cannot be said in praise of the conscientious way in which nearly the entire team entered into training. The greatest difficulty encountered was the impossibility of getting enough practice games. There are few lacrosse teams in the neighborhood of Baltimore, and it takes money to bring clubs here from distant points, while it is very difficult to get a sufficient guarantee to warrant our making long trips away from home. The finances of our Association do not admit of any considerable expenditure for either of these purposes. During the season of Ninety-four, with the exception of the championship series, only one match with an out-of-town team was played—one game with Cornell, at Ithaca. This is notable as being the longest trip ever made by a Hopkins athletic team of any kind. Taking the season all in all it was rather encouraging. There seemed to be a more healthy internal spirit in the team and the authority of the captain was thoroughly respected. May the same high standard be maintained again this year.



STRAUS.	SYMINGTON.	PLEASANTS.	HILL.
CRENSHAW.	PENNIMAN.	F. K. CAMERON.	DAWSON.
HODGES.	T. F. P. CAMERON.	JANNEY.	

Johns Hopkins Lacrosse Team, 1894.



T. F. P. CAMERON, *Captain.* J. HALL PLEASANTS, JR., *Manager.*

Team.

J. F. Mitchell, <i>Goal.</i>	S. S. Janney, <i>Centre.</i>
T. D. Penniman, <i>Point.</i>	B. M. Roszel, <i>1st Attack.</i>
P. M. Dawson, <i>Cover Point.</i>	T. F. P. Cameron, <i>2nd Attack.</i>
F. K. Cameron, <i>1st Defence.</i>	W. S. Symington, <i>3rd Attack.</i>
J. B. Crenshaw, <i>2nd Defence.</i>	M. Hill, <i>Out-Home.</i>
T. S. Straus, <i>3rd Defence.</i>	G. H. Hodges, <i>In-Home.</i>

Substitutes.

A. R. Stevens.	J. E. Shaw.
B. Boude.	A. C. Bryan.

Championship Games.

Hopkins <i>vs.</i> Stevens	5 to 7
Hopkins <i>vs.</i> Lehigh	6 to 4

Practice Games.

Hopkins <i>vs.</i> Druids	1 to 3
Hopkins <i>vs.</i> Cornell	0 to 6

Inter-Collegiate Lacrosse Association.

(JOHNS HOPKINS, LEHIGH AND STEVENS.)

W. H. CORBETT, (*Stevens*), *President.*

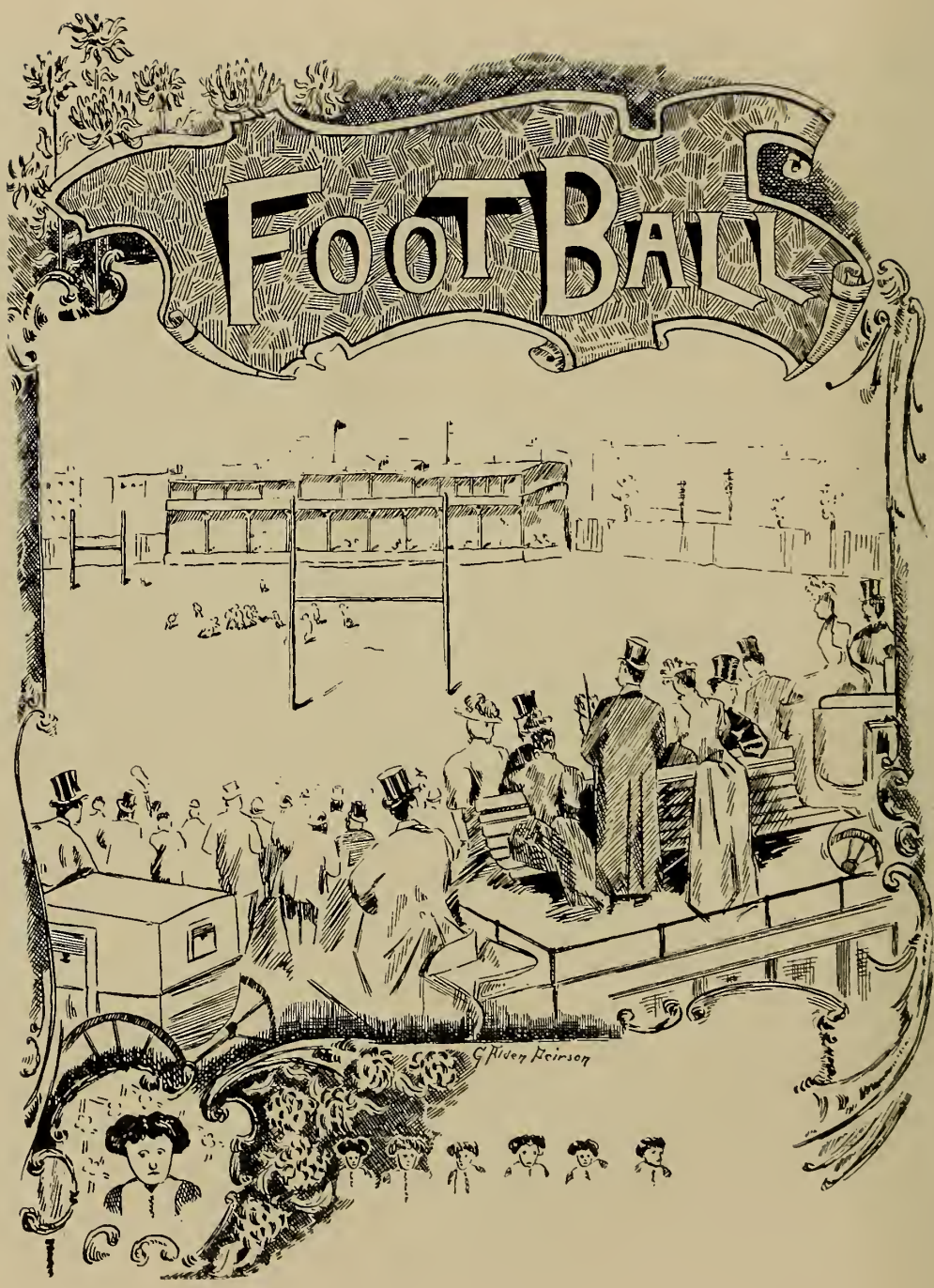
J. C. DICK, (*Lehigh*), *Vice-President.*

J. HALL PLEASANTS, JR., (*Hopkins*), *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Executive Committee.

T. F. P. Cameron (<i>Hopkins</i>).	B. M. McDonald (<i>Lehigh</i>).
J. F. Hunter (<i>Stevens</i>).	

FOOTBALL



The 'Varsity Football Team, 1894.



THE historian of the disbanded 1894 football team does not walk upon a bed of roses. It is neither wise nor interesting for him to write "words, words, words," with no reference to deeds, and yet it must be admitted that he is, to a certain extent, handicapped in speaking of the latter. How can he avoid touching upon the refusal of several embryo phenomenals to train properly? Or upon the raids which hospital dissection made upon our team on the very eve of battle?

Our opening contest, that with the University of Virginia, was not auspicious. In fact, it was actually ill-omened. The Fates seemed against us from the time Janney first dug his head into Virginia soil until auburn-haired Davis made his phantom touch-down two minutes after time had been called. But "every cloud has its silver lining," and as if in proof of this proverb the pleasures of Charlottesville compensated all for the loss of the game, and even Umpire Wickes (he of the high hat) and mammoth Pricey yented their contentment in huge guffaws.

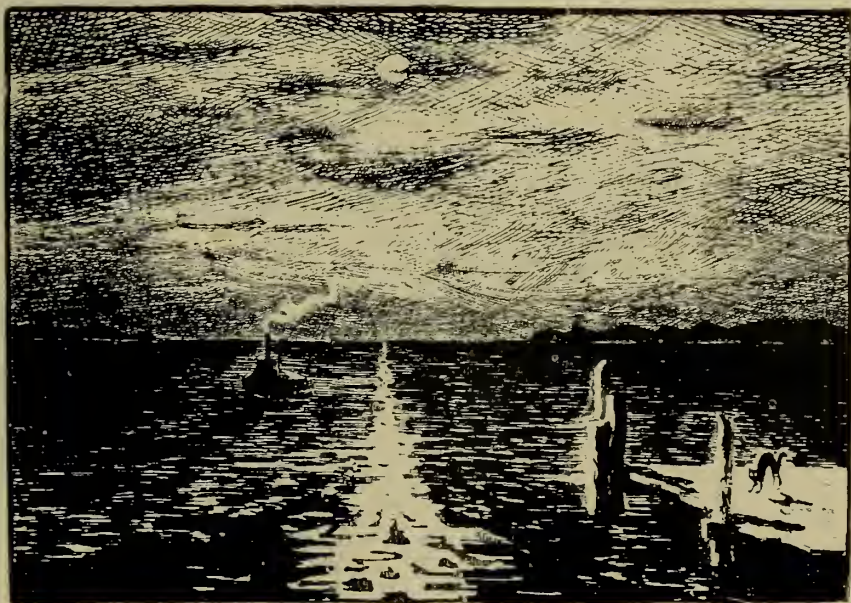
About the game in Westminster there was nothing worthy of notice, save the countless broken beer bottles strewn over the hilly field; so we will pass it over. The star match of the season was the one with Kendall College. Try as they might these worthy deaf mutes could make no pretence of winning the day. The game terminated in a brilliant victory, marred only by a slight altercation between Hodges and the deaf mute centre-rush, whom Hodges persisted in calling names derogatory to his physical and mental constitution, which names the deaf mute centre-rush naturally resented.

Our game with Haverford was stamped with hard luck throughout; so we will, therefore, not dwell upon it. In the Chestertown game there was nothing especially noteworthy. But who can ever forget the trip home; our canoe-like-barge, the "Comet," tossed by every minute wave like Cunarders on the ocean? How startling the effect on those of us



CLARK.	ROBINSON.	KILVERT.	BROWN.	MORSS.	FOSTER.	BRANCH.	WHITAKER.
ROSENHEIM.	BLACK.		JANNEY.		<i>Manager.</i>	OLIVER.	PINDELL.
				TORRENCE.			

disposed to sea-sickness! But after a while the waters calmed down and the moon issued from behind broken clouds, shedding its mild light upon our wounded band. There, near the cabin, stands Pricey, softly crooning love ditties to himself. Close by him, Cahn is pensively shucking an oyster with his pocket-knife. Far up on the poop-deck lies Janney, the tried hero of so many hard contests, the one bright luminary of the team of Ninety-four. Around him cluster all the lesser lights, their long locks flowing in the cold night air. Where better could we leave them—this defeated band—than here—the stars twinkling overhead, fleeting white clouds now and then obscuring the moon's soft rays, and the perfect quiet broken only by the splashing of the waters.



THE DEPARTURE FROM CHESTERTOWN.



PARKER.
DEUTSCH.

HODGES.
STEVENS.

McCASKELL.
LACKEY.

RITCHIE.
POWELL.
HILL, *Captain.*

LILLY.

WARE.

Inter-Class Football Contests.



AFTER a short and unsuccessful season, the 'Varsity football team, at the suggestion of the President of the Athletic Association, gave way to class teams. The scores of the inter-class contests were as follows:

Ninety-Six vs. Ninety-Seven.

Ninety-six	20
Ninety-seven	0

Ninety-Five vs. Ninety-Seven.

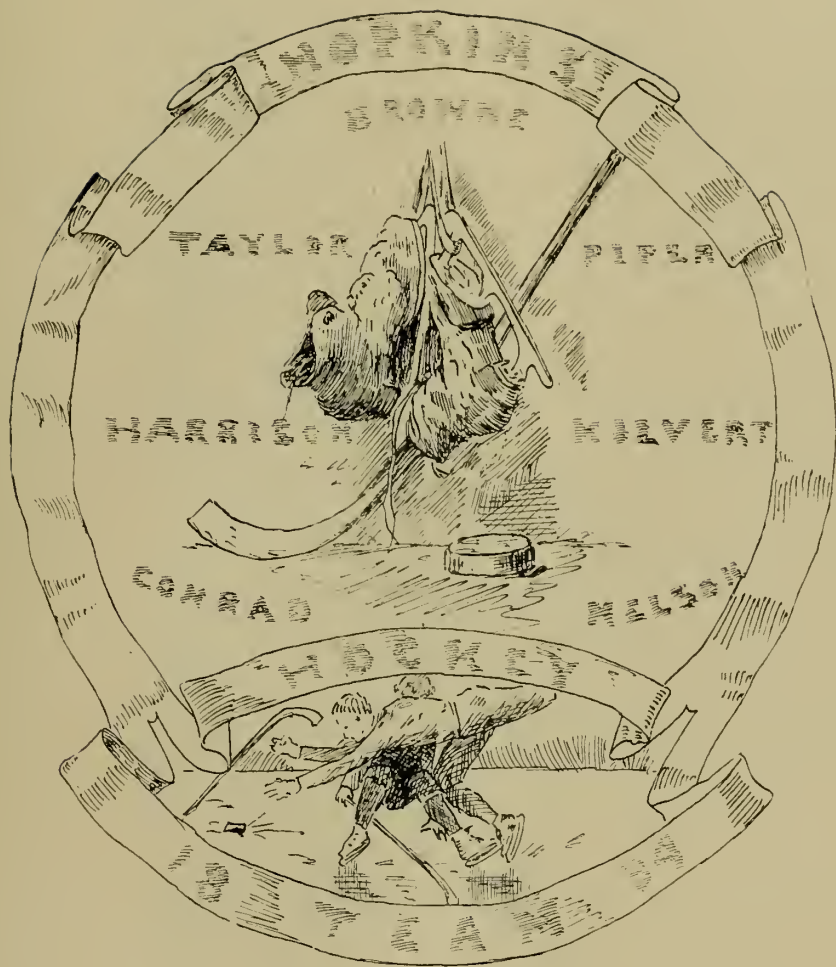
Ninety-five	10
Ninety-seven	6

Ninety-Five vs. Ninety-Six.

Ninety-five	6
Ninety-six	14



ARMSTRONG,	SELHAUSEN,	WARFIELD,	WILLIAMS,	BECKWITH,
MEYER,	HODGES, <i>Manager</i> ,	HANCOCK,	WILSON, <i>Captain</i> ,	GUGGENHEIMER,
	DAVIS,	CALIN,	LEHR,	REMSEN,



Johns Hopkins Hockey Club, 1894=95.



JAMES PIPER *Captain.*

R. M. Bagg, *Right Wing.*

A. R. Stevens, }
S. Browne, } *Left Wing.*

J. Piper *Centre.*

WILLIAM D. LILLY, *Manager.*

E. D. Nelson, *1st Defence.*

W. L. Hilles, }
C. A. Kilvert. } *2nd Defence.*

M. W. Hill, *Point.*

W. W. Williams, *Goal.*

Practice Games.

Baltimore Athletic Club *vs.* Johns Hopkins 2 to 2
Baltimore Athletic Club *vs.* Johns Hopkins 2 to 1

Championship Games of Senior Hockey League.

Maryland Bicycle Club *vs.* Ariel Boat Club 4 to 0
Johns Hopkins *vs.* Baltimore Athletic Club 1 to 3
Johns Hopkins *vs.* Maryland Bicycle Club 10 to 0
Baltimore Athletic Club *vs.* Ariel Boat Club 2 to 0
Johns Hopkins *vs.* Ariel Boat Club 5 to 0
Baltimore Athletic Club *vs.* Maryland Bicycle Club 5 to 0
Johns Hopkins *vs.* Baltimore Athletic Club 0 to 7

Result of Games.

	A. R. C.	M. B. C.	J. H. U.	B. A. C.	Won .
Baltimore Athletic Club	1	1	2	. .	4
Johns Hopkins	1	1	2
Maryland Bicycle Club	1	1
Ariel Rowing Club	0
Lost	3	2	2



Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, sweet Alice, with hair so brown?



EXCUSES, apologies, explanations and the like, are usually unsatisfactory alike to the person who makes them and to the persons to whom they are made. It seems, nevertheless, in the case of the Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs of the Johns Hopkins University, that an excuse and explanation are both fitting and necessary to show to the students, as well as the public at large, just why the University is, for the first time in eight years, without her star organization. The task is to me an extremely painful one, for the mere recalling of the familiar faces and the never-to-be-forgotten trips, fills me with a deep longing to be once again surrounded by the old crowd, off on some trip, all the cares and perplexities of daily life thrown aside, and nothing to do but to listen to the merry ring of the banjo or the far-away echo of some familiar college song. Why, even now I start from my sleep, awakened by some horrid nightmare, that Charles D. has broken his first string in the middle of his solo, or that Bert's voice has given out and he is unable to finish his song! When I think of the approaching Easter-tide, with no arrangements made for our yearly trip to Old Point Comfort, my banjo standing silent and covered with dust in some out-of-the-way corner, no daily rehearsals—all these things and many more, remind me forcibly that, for me at least, the Banjo Club is a thing of the past.

Everything looked bright and prosperous at the beginning of the college term. Our leader went around with a pleased smile on his face, saying that he had "signed" nearly all last year's men, and out of these, together with the new material in the University, he was going to make the "finest club that had ever trod the boards." This statement, although of rather a boastful nature, was heartily received and backed up by every one. We all set about tightening up our heads (*i. e.*, our banjo heads), and getting out new sets of strings, playing over old pieces, or trying new ones.

The first intimation of the approaching calamity came from an unexpected source; but, in spite of the damper that it cast over our spirits, we managed to survive. G. Hanson B——, Esq., on being notified of our first rehearsal, early in October, positively refused to come, saying that he would be unable to play with the club this year. Our leader protested, but Hanson stood firm. It gradually became noised abroad, however, that "there were others," and so, although we realized that Hanson's face and figure would be greatly missed from the front row, and that we had lost one of our chief attractions, we concluded to go ahead, and notices for the first meeting were posted.

It was about this time that the storm burst, and it was a blow indeed. Our leader, the renowned "P. Letherbury," came down to the rehearsal, and, amid the cries and groans of the assembled company, announced that "his old gentleman had sat down on him, and said he had to stop playing the banjo and get to work." We went through all the phases of the potential mood, entreating, commanding and exhorting. "Why couldn't a man work and play the banjo, too?" Our leader did not know the reason, but confessed he had found that to be the sad fact in his own case, and the trouble of it was that he was not the only one who had discovered it. This was a great blow, and one from which we really never recovered. (As a direct result of this last statement it has been reported that our ex-leader, on ordering a new silk hat a few weeks later, had to get it a size and a half larger than his normal size.)

Harry M-rsh-ll was now pressed into service and decided to assume the leadership of the clubs. But for some reason things did not prosper, although several new men showed up, among them one with a home-made banjo, and another who could play the "Spring Song" on one string, directly from the notes, only stopping at the end of every other bar to locate himself. We thought this latter a great find, but our new leader, on close examination, discovered pansies

painted over the head of his banjo, and as we were not advertisements for landscape gardening, it was decided to do without him.

So here we were with two of our banjeaurines and three of our first mandolins gone, not to mention several guitars and a second banjo. To add to the difficulty the Faculty now stepped in and said they could give us no room to practice in. We struggled along, however, and probably would have succeeded but that the Fates (together with the Faculty), were against us. Our leader declared he could not spare the time necessary to lead the club, and that we would have to do without him. Although we surrounded him and played in our old-time form the "Darkies' Jubilee" and the "Washington Post," even this did not change his determination, and we knew that further appeal would be useless. No one now came forward to take the leadership. Even Bert refused, with becoming modesty. We had to succumb to the inevitable and abandon all hope of either a Banjo or Mandolin Club for the season of 1894-'95.

This is the short, sad and true history of the demise of one of the leading institutions of the Johns Hopkins University. There is left to us, of the Banjo Club, only two things from which we can draw any comfort. The first is, the prospect of another Banjo and Mandolin Club which, in all probability, will represent the University next year; and the other, those tender memories of which nothing can deprive us. Who can ever forget the last day at Old Point Comfort? How "Hungry Joe" gave Hanson two dollars to introduce him to a certain young lady of whom he had become enamoured, and how he left the club at Norfolk and came back to the Hygiea to see this same young lady, and owing to these two pieces of extravagance had to live for a whole day on one orange; and when it was time to catch the boat wait around the check-room and grab his coat and guitar while the man was not looking. My! how he did knock the supper that night on the Bay Line boat! He kept two men busy waiting on him, while the rest of us sat around and gazed. It was a sight for the gods. Nobody called him "Hungry" for a whole day after that.

And then the time Ben got locked up in his (?) room down at Cambridge, and we had to get a ladder and help him out through the window, the boat whistle blowing frantically all the while as a signal to start. And do you remember the time we had at Washington when we tried to give a concert in the midst of a terrible thunder storm? The thunder made so much noise that someone told me afterwards the only way he knew John was whistling was because his mouth was all twisted

up and he had on that saint-like look. These, and many other things besides, such as Bert's love affair at Norfolk, the sparkling wit and repartée of Charles D. and Billey Rec., Frank's singing, the "sacred concert," the time we "did Yale," Pommie's bass runs, Patch's brogue, and Harry's famous World's Fair Dance, will, I know, keep forever green the memory of our dear old Banjo Club. Requiescat in pace.

J. P.





A MATRICULATE HOP.

Matriculate Society.



Officers.

J. H. THOMAS, <i>President.</i>	C. B. CLARK, <i>Delegate-at-Large.</i>
S. S. JANNEY, <i>Vice-President.</i>	W. BUCKLER, <i>Delegate from '95.</i>
W. W. WILLIAMS, <i>Secretary.</i>	A. C. RITCHIE, <i>Delegate from '96.</i>
T. DUDLEY WILLIAMS, <i>Delegate from '97.</i>	

Chaperones.

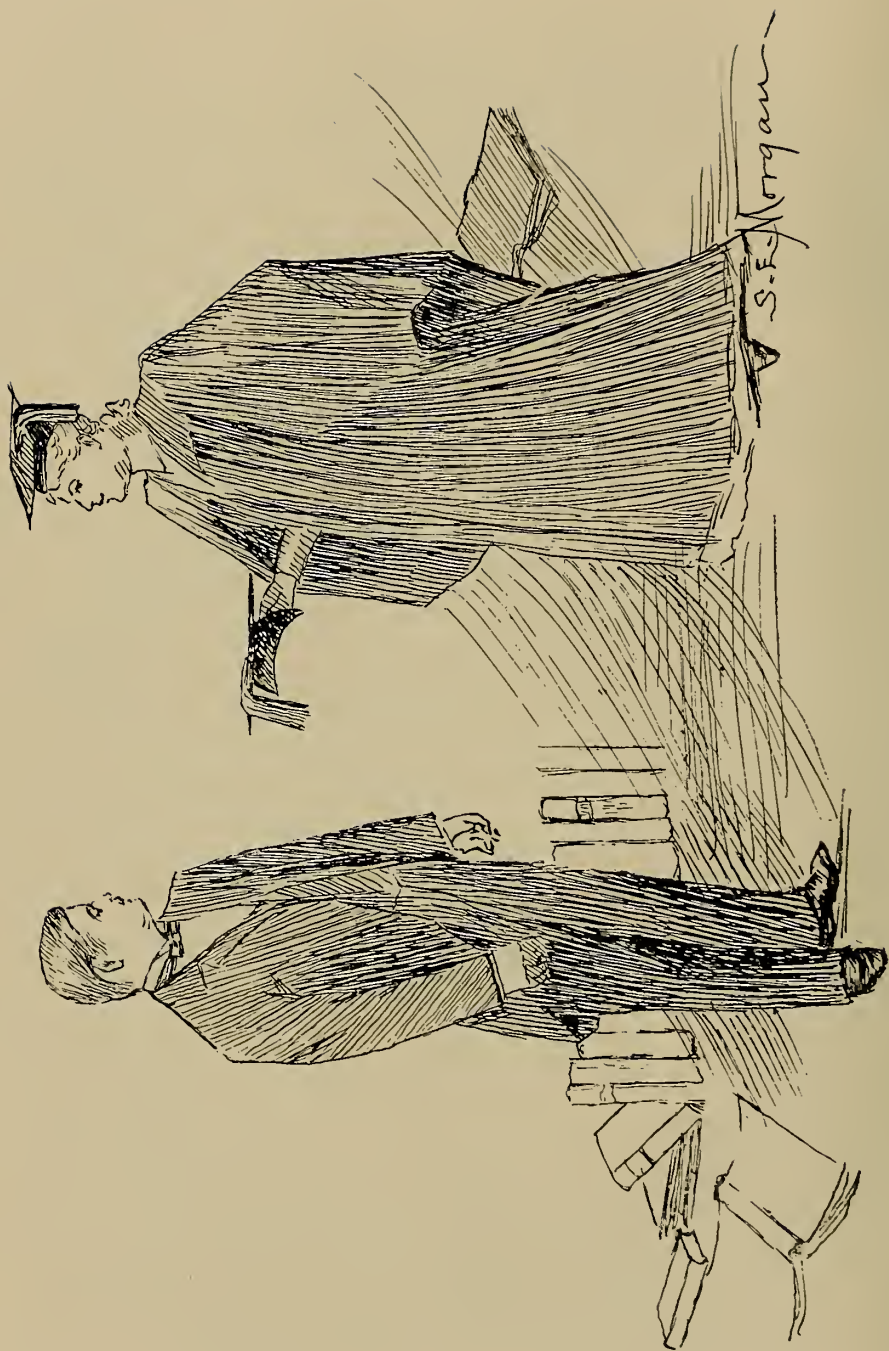
Mrs. D. C. Gilman.	Mrs. J. Hough Cottman.
Mrs. E. H. Griffin.	Mrs. Edward Shippen.
Mrs. Kirby Smith.	Mrs. John B. Morris.
Mrs. Douglas H. Thomas.	Mrs. Norris.
Mrs. Charles Clark.	Mrs. William Reid.
Mrs. Albert Ritchie.	Mrs. Charles Marshall.
Mrs. Riffin Buckler.	Mrs. B. Howell Griswold.

THERE is for every one a time for work and a time for pleasure ; with the Johns Hopkins student, the latter comes only when the Matriculate Society gives its dances. This year their pleasure has been increased through the kindness of the Board of Trustees in allowing the Society the use of the large assembly room in McCoy Hall.

The stags who formerly blocked the passage way leading to the dressing room in the old "Gym." have been transformed into dancing society beaux. The small dressing room of the "Gym." has been replaced by the more spacious cloak rooms, with a very good system of checks. Instead of the tête-à-tête room of the old "Gym." we now have arranged along the walls of the large corridors, numerous chairs, to give an opportunity for an uninterrupted chat.

The first of the dances given by the Society this year, was on Friday, December 7th. From the remarks overheard, it would not be amiss to say that the dance was the finest ever given by the Matriculate Society. It was not only a success socially, but also financially, owing to the large attendance. The reason for the large attendance, was, perhaps, that there had been special inducements offered, viz.: "a feed." The other dances followed in due order and were all highly commended.

The only regret which weighs upon the minds of Ninety-five men in regard to these dances, is that next year the charge of them will fall into the hands of Ninety-six. All we can ask of them is to do their best not to allow the popularity of the dances to diminish.





Epistle from Woman's College.

[This letter is in response to a greeting sent by the editors of Ninety-five "HULLABALOO" to the editors of "DONNYBROOK FAIR." The greeting, together with a drawing, is published in the "DONNYBROOK FAIR."]



YE claimants for the degree of A. B. from Johns Hopkins who have assisted in the compiling of the Ninety-five "Hullabaloo," we, as representatives of the Class of Ninety-six of the Woman's College, greet you with the editorial right hand of fellowship.

We know how dear to you is the name of Ninety-five, and to us it will also be a red letter year, since for the first time in the existence of our beloved Alma Mater we sing her praises in a year-book. Although you preceded us in the matter of the year-book, it is with pleasure we hear you are to adopt the cap so long worn by us. We recommend it as most serviceable in restraining the thoughts from idly wandering from the subject in hand, and we would also advise the gown to round off a perfect whole. As we pass in our cap to you, we send it laden with wishes that the success which has always been yours in the past will ever continue for the "Hullabaloo."

In spite of your superior age we imagine that the many unanswered supplications to the muse and the pursuit of that *ignis fatuus*—the subscriber—are subjects on which you can speak as feelingly as we. Have you yet found punishment suitable for the irreverent being who asks you if you know "When a joke is not a joke," and answers it himself, "When in the class-book?" There certainly is

"So much that no one knows,
So much unreach'd that none suppose,
What plans! What faults! in every page
When *Finis* comes!"

We hope, however, that even when the Ninety-five "Hullabaloo" and the debutante "Donnybrook Fair" shall have been consigned to oblivion, the ever-existent friendly feeling will continue to grow and increase between those who cheer for the Blue and Black, and the adherents of the Blue and Gold.

Chaucerian Fragments.



[The editors take great pleasure in presenting these hitherto unknown lines to the public. It seems that a student of the Johns Hopkins University discovered this old manuscript on a visit to one of the old libraries in England. No signature was attached to the lines, but the style is so unmistakably that of Chaucer that we do not hesitate to ascribe them to our great early poet. We would say, however, that the title and the first ten lines were written by the student as a sort of prologue. It is easy to see how inferior these lines are to those which follow them.]

The Noble Arte of Alchemie.

Whan that Octobre came with frostye nichte,
Up-on our minds was cast a dreadful blight;
Sin now forsooth our thoughtes must turn ageyn,
Unto our bokkes, else to ink and pen.
On that first daye, whan gathered in the halle,
With herte expectaunt were we oon and alle;
Up-on the borde a notis fayr we see,
That on the morne a goodlye campaignye,
In Hopkinnes Halle at erly morn sholde mete,
For that a wys alchemist sholde trete,
Of mystic atommes else of straunge compounds,
(Soothly did they explod with ferful sondes.)

[As Chaucer would have expressed it, "Heere endith the prolog of this fragment, and heere bigynneth the descripcioun of the alchemist and his felwe-pilgrymmes. Or, in plain English, the part written by Chaucer begins here.]

The ALCHEMIST, he was a worthy manne,
And whan to pouren acydes he beganne,
He did it al so fayre and fetislye,
That sothe it was a plesaunce for to se.
In al his art wel taught he was withalle,
He leet no morsel from the test-tube falle,
Ne wette his fingres in the bekre depe.
Wel coude he boille a test-tube and wel kepe
That no drop ne fille up-on his hand.
Ther was nat eer his peer in al the land.

A wondrous combinasoun mad he thenne
 Of sulfur yelure, and else of iren;
 With incantatiouns than solempne and slo,
 He rubbed a stikke that ther-upon dide glo;
 With that he touched a blackened tube of brasse,
 And from it than a pale blue flame did passe,—
 A mystick flame at that unwonted houre!
 Wel dide our alchemist deploy his power;
 With fearsome hertes, else with bated breeth,
 We gazed on him, whan sodeinly he seyth:
 “Whan in the flame I hete the test-tube, so,
 The magick poudre will begynne to glo;
 And than the elementes will be oon,
 And we shal have the philosópher’s stoon;
 We shal be riche, its toch turnes al to gold.”
 The tube into the flame than putte our wizard bold;
 But althogh that he heted it full hotte,
 The magick mixture nevere glowed notte;
 “Alas!” he cryed, “still do we reste al poure,
 We have fayled once; let us not try it ovre.”

A JANITOUR was with him al the tyme,
 To boillen acides and to slakken lyme;
 Wel coude he poudre, boille and philtre wel.
 This worthye manne had evere a tayle to telle;
 And everich tayle to telle he did essay,
 The firste word fro his lippes was evere “say;”
 Oft wolde he grinne and winke the othere yë,
 And groyne moche, this child of Alchemyë.

A WYF ther was who sat bisyde the halle,
 Wel coude she charge for test-tubes, grete and smale;
 Wel coude she sel a bekre with a crakke,
 But she wolde nevere deygne to tak hemme bakke;
 Wel coude she wey out chemicals and swich,
 To paye for hem oon hadde nedes be rich;
 But she was alway chereful in her dayly task,
 Was this good wyf that highte Florence Flask.

A Midnight Ride.



John Parker was a citizen
Of credit and renown ;
A Captain of the "scrub" was he,
In famous Balt'more town.

John Parker's friends said to their chum,
"At Hopkins have we been
These many tedious months, yet we
A circus ne'er have seen.

To-morrow is a holiday,
And we will all repair
To see 'The Greatest Show on Earth,'
And snakes with charmers fair."

At eve next day a motley crowd
Assembled in the gym.,
And to the circus hied themselves,
With lungs in finest trim.

The whole performance sat they through,
And every actor guyed,
And deluged all with peanut shells—
Did nothing but deride.

On going out they yell and shout,
Stop egress from the tent ;
But quiet down immediately
As cops are quickly sent.

Now to the side-show will they go,
To see the charmed snakes ;
Lo, every one pays just ten cents,
And drifts towards the fakes.

The money spent, on mischief bent,
They scare the crowd inside ;
Alas ! alack ! the cops come back,
There is no place to hide.

The cops with careful, watchful eyes,
Look out for easy fruit,
And seize the slender Jonathan,
Then give up the pursuit.

With one accord, the frightened horde
Of students rush without,
And cheer their comrade *en wagon*
With reassuring shout.

Away goes Parker, and away
Go classmates at his heels,
And follow blindly in the dark
The rumbling of the wheels.

The station-house is reached at last,
Each one chips in some mon,
“Two forty-five,” the justice grunts,
“Is price of this much fun.”

The weary youths do then depart,
And homeward plod their way ;
But Parker on this circumstance
Has nothing much to say.

Now let us stop ! long live the cop !
And Parker, long live he !
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May we be there to see.



The Maiden's Choice.



“Just think some day to heaven we'll fly,”
Said a prim old maid to her sister gay ;
“Oh, what great joy will be bye and bye
For all the good on that blessed day.”

“Nay,” said the girl, “no heaven for me,
The other place I'd rather see ;
Heaven is all very well, but then
It is in H—ll you'll find the men.”

An Up=to=Date Inquisition;

or,

A Junior Fumble and a Freshman Fumble.



A FARCE IN THREE SPASMS, INCLUDING PROLOGUE.



Billed for engagement at the Johns Hopkins Gymnasium, by special request of the Faculty.

Several freaks and features entirely new to the American stage will positively appear.

Cast of Characters.

D. C. TORQUEMADA, Chief Inquisitor.
E. H. MATADOR, a Clerk and Keeper of the Dungeon of Levering Hall.
SUPERINTENDENT IRA, Marshal of Johns Hopkins Police Force, and an enemy of Lexow.

(These make their annual appearance.)

Semi-Inquisitors.

HERBERT EVELYTH, a Chaucerian Clerk and Shakespearean Scholar.
MON AMY, With rush of words to his face.
HERR PROF. DR. RAINBOW, a Geographical Wonder.
NEURON DENDRON, a Barking Llywelyn and a Disciple of Golgi.
HARD-UP HARD-ON, a Virtuous Virginian and Leader of Ninety-Six.
IGNORANT IRA, JR., Leader of the *Puny Plebs of Ninety-Seven*.
PRINCE PEANUCKLE, a Scion of the Seven Sutherland Sisters.
RICHARD ALBERT, an Inebriate, with copper-bottom Cheek and cast-iron Nerve.
BRIGHAM YOUNG MCCORNICK, a Mormon Junior.

Clerks, Policemen, Scrappers, Freshmen, Proc.-Pasting-Potentates, and Janitors (taken by Members of the Company).

Prologue.

In a dark alley commonly called Little Ross Street. Dingy factories of knowledge looming in the darkness lend a funereal aspect to the scene. Enter D. C. T. with a flourish of brazen smiles; does a pas seul and sings :

I'm President of the J. H. U.,
Of which I'm very proud, 'tis true,
There's nothing that I would not do
For her welfare or her gain.
For erecting new buildings I have a craze—
Of the wealthy men who have numbered days,
I pull their legs in many ways—
My object to attain.

[Enter E. H. Matador, scratches one leg with the other, and nervously sings in a Geo. D. Brown tone of voice :]

I consider it my place
To see that no disgrace
Shall cast a slur upon this seat of learning.
And 'twould be my great delight
To break up any fight—
For doing deeds of valor I've a yearning.

[Enter Ira, Sr., in a burst of Bay View breezes, fiercely brandishing a Friendly Inn soup ladle. He ejaculates in a stage-whisper:]

I'm the sheriff, I'm the cop,
And all nuisance I will stop.
Of all the players with which we're cursed
These Ninety-six men are the worst.
I think I see with practiced eye
That there'll be scrapping bye and bye.
For settling quarrels I'm your man,
For D. C. is not worth a ——. 'Twas plainly shown at Vernon Mount
That Eddy was of no account.
If classes this year have a rush,
And snowball fight, in mud and slush,
The burden will all rest on me
To break them up and spoil their spree.

[Ira, Sr., D. C., and Eddy then join hands, come down the stage, kicking over each other's heads, and sing in unison:]

(*Tune*—Ambassadors' Chorus.)

All leaders we
Of the Faculty.

We're men of our word and we take no guff,
We mean what we say, for we never bluff.
If the Freshmen get smart or the Juniors get gay,
You bet your sweet life theirs will be a short stay.

Bouncers we—
Each one of the three.

We will not do a thing, if we get the chance,
But kick off the seats of the Juniors' pants.
And we'll make the Freshmen feel so forlorn
That they'll wish to thunder they'd never been born.

(FINIS PROLOGUE.)

SPASM I.—CONVULSION I.

[SCENE same as seen in prologue, only later. As curtain goes up a band of beardless babes are discovered huddled together. One of them, a bleared-eyed, pale-haired youth, waving a black and red shield aloft, sings:]

(*Tune*—Captain of Pinafore.)

I am the leader of this stalwart band,
I'm sure we have a very lusty class,
What we ever undertake, never savors of a fake,
Though they symbolize our colors to green grass.
In spirit we're as one and we're always out for fun,
And to plague the Juniors we our brains do tax,
So when this shield they see, they will not be filled with glee,
For it will get them where the chicken got the axe.

I do my best to satisfy you all,
And I hope that you will one and all desire
To follow my advice and string up in a thrice
Our shield to this telegraph wire.
So be quick, my lads, make haste, for we have no time to waste,
For the watchman may wake up and lend a hand,
And if he called a cop, all our plans would have to stop,
For we'd have to hustle off to beat the band.

[He turns around but is surprised to find his "stalwart band (?) " paralyzed from fear. They sing in sobbing chorus:]

When the horrid Faculty
Shall our lovely banner see,
We're afraid they all will say
"Bounce these boys without delay."

[Ira seems astonished at the timidity of his puny protégés, but continues:]

My papa is a member of the Faculty
And of all the undergraduates a friend,
If the class-mates of his son, should be fired for what they'd done,
His influence to them he 'd surely lend.
Uncle Dan, and little Eddy, are always ever ready
To humor him and to his plans agree,
So please do not take fright over what we do to-night,
While daddy *runs* the blooming Faculty.

[The awkward overgrown plebes are overjoyed by the reassuring words of their leader. Some of them rush forward to assist in hoisting the shield. The rest urge their companions on with the following:]

We're the little Freshman Class
Just come to J. H. U.,
The Seniors say we've lots of brass,
The Juniors think us green as grass,
And everybody as they pass
Say, "Clear out, you're too new."

But don't be hasty. Give us time
To win fame and renown,
Wait 'til to-morrow morn at nine,
When boastful Juniors see our sign,
You bet there'll be a scrimmage fine
If they try to pull it down.

[They shin up the telegraph pole and fasten the shield to the wire—and clap their hands with childish glee, and dance away to the nearest dairy lunch, singing:]

Hail to our glorious Class,
Yell ye Freshmen, yell,
Won't we make poor Ninety-six,
Wish they were in — [the bad place.]

See where our proud banner
Floats aloft toward Heaven,
Let every voice be raised on high,
In praise of Ninety-seven.

(FINIS, ETC. 1.)

SPASM I.—CONVULSION 2.

[Enter a band of would-be Proc.-Pasting-Potentates. They are headed by Hard-up Hard-on, accompanied by Sioussal's band. Among the motley mob, the audience can distinguish a few familiar freaks. Smut Trippe, and Hawk-up Harriman, the lung sifter, Moses Rosenbaum who was lost in the [Bult-]Rushes, and Crazy Caspari, with a Diehl of hair on his head. Happy Hodges, the inebriate, with Day and Knight following in his wake. Puny Parker, the Strong Man, with Welborn Snobs, the Embryonic Dude. Hard-up Hard-on advances and sings:]

Our time is short, let's do things with a rush,
Let every man make use of pot and brush;
Our procs. let's paste on every pole and wall,
And even cover sacred Levering Hall;
Let everybody, every muscle strain
To do this right, and win our class a name.

[They clamber upon the walls of the gym., upon the poles and fences nearby, pasting their procs. everywhere. Prince Peanuckle, who is doing the work of seventeen men, his flowing moustache serving him for a brush, suddenly shrieks in a voice of anguish:]

Look, hell-fire, on that wire,
Woe is me, I can see
Such a sight it gives me fright;
Colors base, I can trace
By infants low, vile and slow,
Here are placed, we're disgraced.

[Hard-up Hard-on sings—"Joan of Arc" tune.]

Gracious, what a sorry night,
This is for Maroon and White,
If we do not use our might
To put that banner out of sight.
Let one who thinks himself expert,
Let one who's not afraid of hurt,
Climb and throw down in the dirt,
This emblem of the Freshman squirt.

[Bricks, sticks, stones and other missiles are rained upon the shield. Watchmen, janitors, policemen and firemen rush in, bringing ladders, ropes, etc. A simultaneous assault is made and the shield falls to the ground with a dull thud. A terrific din ensues—all exeunt to Theodore's, Sioussat's band playing the Pilgrims' Chorus.]

SPASM I.—CONVULSION 3.

[Chamber in Theodore's Gilded Palace of Sin. Men of Ninety-six discovered sitting on beer kegs around free lunch counter. They sing:]

Oh, we are the P. P. P's,
The Freshmen we've brought to their knees ;
We've humbled their pride in the dust,
Their flag to the ground we have thrust ;
Our "proc." we have posted on high,
To be read by all that pass by.
To-morrow they'll see with dismay,
Commands they're obliged to obey ;
They'll all doff their hats as they pass
In awe of our glorious class.
Having conquered these scurrilous knaves,
Having made them forever our slaves,
Having put all their forces to flight,
Let us drink and be merry to-night.

[A debauched youth, of judicial ancestry, staggers to his feet, and sings, to the tune of "My roof is copper bottom:"]

Oh, my name is Richard Albert,
I'm the finest in the town,
All the girls come miles to see me walk the street ;
For with them I'm such a winner that when I simply wink,
I have them all a-falling at my feet.

CHORUS.—Oh, my cheek is copper bottom.
My eyes are bad and bold,
I can drink a keg of lager beer a day ;
If only some kind stranger,
Who does not know my face,
Will offer for my beer in gold to pay.

With the Freshmen I'm a terror,
Not so much because I fight,
But I cuss enough to fill their hearts with fear ;
Should you like to have a sample,
I cuss best when I'm tight—
Just shove along another keg of beer.

CHORUS.—Oh, my cheek, etc., etc.

[*Beatty, nervously combing his whiskers, orders another round of drinks. A noble Mormon Junior arises and sings:*]

If a man should wish to marry,
Let him not in Maryland tarry ;
Here a man can have no fun,
Here a man can wed but one.

In my happy native land,
Should you ask a damsel's hand,
None a word would say to you,
Should you have a wife or two.

There's no question there of choice,
In a new love we rejoice ;
Never have to think a-while
'Twixt this one's love and that one's pile.

We marry each, we marry both,
For to marry we're not loth ;
Marry this one for her self,
Marry that one for her pelf.

Then let's all fill up our glasses,
Drink to Utah's pretty lasses ;
Wish them luck, and hope that we
Each may marry two or three.

[*The exercises are abruptly terminated by the appearance of Theodore, who demands his money. Hasty examination shows the crowd to be, as usual, broke. The merry-makers beat a hasty retreat, accelerated by Theodore and Augustus.*]

SPASM II.—CONVULSION I.

Unities of place and action preserved. Time 9.50 A. M. next day.

[A band of Freshmen saunter on the stage. Catching sight of the proc., they proceed to swell with indignation. As they reach the bursting point, Remsen, Jr., ejaculates:]

Oh, mamma ! what is this ?
Proc. on high—broad daylight—
We're disgraced—time now is—
We should act—stop this fight—
Climb the pole—tear it off—
I've a pull—never fear—
You know Pa—I should cough—
He'll protect—his own dear—
And his friends—you may bet—
Though the Dean—we may fret—
But to work—when t'is done—
Those rank Sophs won't see fun.

[With fiendish shrieks they make a dash for the pole. As they are leaving down the proc., a great and stormy roar rends the air. The Juniors, advancing precipitously from the rear, pounce upon the terrified Freshies. Fighling ! Lightning ! Hailstones ! ! ! Thunderbolts ! ! ! ! Just in the midst of the fearful scrimmage the stentorian voice of Remsen, Sr., is heard in the land. (Recitalize.)]

Here's a pretty how-dy-do,
A disgraceful situation ;
If I know a thing or two,
This will need an explanation ;
If you take a friend's advice,
You will get a hustle on you ;
Otherwise, to be concise,
All the Faculty will do you.

[The startled crowd melts as doth the hoar frost under the noon-day sun.]

[Ira falls into the dumps, and paces mournfully up and down the stage. A window is raised above, and, strongly illumined with calcium lights and other scenic effects, D. C.'s cherubic countenance appears. Laughing in ghoulish glee, and waving a paper, he sings:]

Take heart, my comrade faithful,
To the rescue I have come ;
I've seen the whole performance,
And have the names of some.

We'll make investigation,
Haul up the Junior freaks ;
Sift matters to the bottom,
And punish vicious sneaks.

If needs be we will bounce them,
Unless they show contrition ;
The only loss to hurt us,
Is loss of their tuition.

So spread abroad this notice,
Unheeding admonition,
The Juniors will be summoned
To our rigid

INQUISITION.

[He then retires. His obedient henchman does likewise. Exeunt omnes et ceteri.]



SPASM II.—CONVULSION 2.

The Inquisition.

[The cheerless chamber of justice, in the dismal depths of Dalton Hall. The walls are painted with fiery flames, phonetic charts, Jolly's balances, microscopes and other hellish symbols. Myriads of creeping creatures crawl upon the slimy slabs. Sulphuretted hydrogen fills the place with its sickening stench. Suddenly with harsh and rasping sound, a huge stone door opens at the back of the stage, and through its portals are wafted the funereal strains of the defunct banjo-club. A heavy measured tread is heard. Enter D. C. Torquemada and E. H. Matador with his Schweglerian swagger, followed by a solemn procession of assistant in-quiz-ators.]

[*D. C. Torquemada takes the highest seat in the Sanctuary, the rest group themselves around the chief who breaks the solemn stillness by chanting in appalling tones: (Recitative.)*]

Where are the culprits, whom we must scourge today—

[*To the Matador.*]

Go then and fetch them, we'll judge without delay.

[MATADOR—(*recitative impressivo furioso.*)]

Sire, I go to do your bidding.

[*Runs off allegro.*]

[*Re-enters with a group of humble, but still half defiant P. P.'s feebly trying to assume a sans gêne (M) a-damn expression. They are arraigned before D. C. Torquemada, and the following charges recited by the Matador:*]

These freaks in strength so heroic,
'Though woefully wanting in brains,
To worry the incoming Freshmen
A proc. here composed with great pains.

They thought of the dire consternation,
Fear, panic, alarm and dismay,
That Ninety-five's grand proclamation
Had wrought in their own hearts one day.

So therefore in base imitation,
They wrote their pitiful proc.,
A frantic attempt to be witty,
To decency quite a great shock.

[*D. C. Torquemada now rises and sings :*]

(*Tune*—"O Promise Me.")

O promise me ye wicked reprobates,
Your unseemly proclamation you'll renounce.
It's a sinful, monstrous vile atrocity.
Reject it now or you will get the bounce.
Such an insult to our University!
It greatly doth us all exasperate,
And if your honor you would all reclaim,
Repudiate! Repudiate!

[*The huddled group of trembling criminals exchange terrified glances and with tearful eyes look upwards, downwards, to the left, to the right and, as usual, are dumb.*]

[*D. C. Torquemada :*]

(*Tune*—"My Maryland.")

O Ninety-six, ye set of micks,
You soon will rue these naughty tricks;
And as you still will not repent,
Then off to torture you'll be sent.

My wily priests will on you try
Their cruel torments ruthlessly;
O Ninety-six, ye set of micks,
You soon will rue these naughty tricks.

To in-quiz-ators with ravenlike croak :

Go, vent your ire,
'Tis my desire,
To make them squeal
With tortures real.
Now each one tell,
What he thinks well,
To make these freaks
Feel heavy hell.

HERBERT EVELETH—[*with a Shakespearian twinkle in his eye, reads :*]

My torture will freeze their young blood,
And harrow their souls up with fear,
Each particular hair will stand on end
Like porcupine quills out of gear.

Their pathway through Shakespeare and Chaucer,
I no longer intend to beguile,
Henceforth from this day, I must take away
The light of my cast-iron smile.

MON AMV—[*Runs gracefully to front and bursts forth in a grand soprano aria à la Louis Lehr:*]

Thermometers I will banish,
No more can they get out of class,
Their tricks with ice will not suffice
To exhibit me as an ass.

I've planned some terrible problems
To worry their indolent brains,
And minds so stolid and sluggish
Must exercise infinite pains.

RAINBOW—[*à la Paul Passy:*]

Though over their sad fate bewailing,
I prophesy their failing
In all examinations that I'll give;
With optionals terrific,
Phonetics hieroglyphic,
They surely can't continue long to live.

NEURON DENDRON—[*interdigitates with rest of Faculty and sings:*]

I wish to make an autopsy
Of their curious addled pates,
To see the vacuums extensive
That exist in immature states,
By following Golgi's method,
And coating with silver nitrates,
I'll steep them in Müller's fluid,
And pass them around on plates.

RENORFF—[*with the usual crack in his voice, proceeds to split the air:*]

With my oxyhydrogen blow-pipe,
I will burn their heathenish tongues,
Then boil them in sulphuric acid
And with chlorine stifle their lungs.

If continuing sullenly stubborn,
They persist in obstinate guile,
Soaked in HCl. they'll be sent to hell
At the point of my rat-tail file.

[While these tortures were being enumerated the culprits have been uttering phonetic groans and shrieks and as their terror has reached a climax, they are ted off weeping and gnashing their teeth and are cast into outer darkness.]

FINIS CONVULSION II.—SPASM 2.

SPASM II.—CONVULSION 3.

SCENE—Levering Hall. Heavy odors of sanctity pervade the atmosphere. The meek, woe-begone, crestfallen, dejected, ex-P. P. P's are discovered writhing in pain and groveling on the floor. In the centre the Author of the Proc., moody and defiant, "by merit raised to that bad eminence.

CHORUS, *directed at the author.*

Why did you bring us to this fate?
Oh! haste, let us repudiate.
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
We told you so, we told you so.

[The lofty crest and high spirit of Prince Peanuckle is humbled. His moustache droops and gets in his way as he sings:]

I, for one, am humbled quite;
Oh! the terrors of that night
Fill my heart with fear and fright.
Quick, let's hasten; be contrite,
Repudiate, bow to their might—
The Faculty is always right.

The AUTHOR of the Proc.

(*Tune—"Wearing of the Green."*)

'Tis the most distressing moment that ever I have seen,
To repudiate my own dear proc. on which I was so keen.
In writing it I never for a moment paused to think
If I committed blasphemy, or to plaguery did sink.
I lied, I risked the vengeance of men and gods alike,
And now it is poor me alone they will with fury strike.
Oh, where is now your courage but lately you did boast?
You feared not all the Faculty and Trustees in a host.

BABY PARKER—

Let them fire us if they dare,
Equal misery we will share.
Let us all to Harvard go,
Where athletics have some show.

We must all united be,
Swear we'll never bend the knee.
If another will hold out,
I will be his comrade stout.

CHORUS—

Such an argument is convincing,
But our minds are fixed and set ;
So no words let's now be mincing,
Or the bounce we'll surely get.

[*At this critical juncture enter D. C. Torquemada and E. H. Matador. They declaim:*]

Fire and sword—rope and rack—
Evils cluster on your track.
Will you of your proc. repent
Or be back to torture sent ?

CHORUS—

Before your sovereign power we bow,
Full sad we are we raised this row.
One wicked youth led us astray—
Remember we're but human clay.
Henceforth your word shall be our law,
In our future course you'll find no flaw.

[*Torquemada and Matador hurriedly consult in inaudible whispers and answer:*]

MATADOR—

Your specious words are very nice—
Your recantations don't suffice.
You are too general in your terms—
Evasion here has sown its germs.

TORQUEMADA [*rubbing his hands contentedly*].—

Heed my ultimate dictation,
Each must sign an abjuration
Of this cursed proclamation ;
To the Freshmen reparation
Make without more hesitation.

CHORUS of *ex-P. P. P's*.—

Our cup of sorrow runneth o'er,
Broken in spirit evermore,
Our proclamation we abjure ;
And, your pardon to insure,
We'll sign whatever you may ask,
Though much against our will the task,
And now your ire to satiate—
THE PROC. WE DO REPUDIATE!

CHORUS OF JUBILANT FRESHMEN [*in the distance*].—

They have repudiated—they will apologize—
Our class is vindicated before the whole world's eyes.
Our fame will live forever—no limit to our powers—
Ninety-six is humbled—the victory is ours.

[*The ex-P. P. P's slink off, no man knoweth whither, and the last state of that class is worse than the first.*]

(FINIS.)

“McCoy Hall, My McCoy Hall.”



The student's heel is on thy floor,
McCoy Hall!
His hands are on thy entrance door,
McCoy Hall!
Look back on dingy rooms of yore,
Where former students used to pore,
And be a shrine of deepest lore,
McCoy Hall, my McCoy Hall!

Hark to thy kneeling students' prayer,
McCoy Hall!
When proclamations fill the air,
McCoy Hall!
O for the Freshmen have no care,
But beard the Daniel in his lair,
If he the Juniors tries to scare,
McCoy Hall, my McCoy Hall!

Whenever in thy sacred hall,
McCoy Hall!
A quizzing doctor by a call,
McCoy Hall!
Some harmless student tries to stall,
Then may thy roof upon him fall,
And his wicked heart appall!
McCoy Hall, my McCoy Hall.

Thou wilt be on the students' side,
McCoy Hall!
And their every council guide,
McCoy Hall!
But wilt not brook the Faculty's pride,
Nor their guileful tricks abide;
Thou wilt for the right decide,
McCoy Hall, my McCoy Hall!

Things are Seldom What They Seem.



Ah, well I remember one day last November,
Resplendent with sunshine and life,
There came down the street with sprightly feet,
H. Eveleth G—— and his wife.

There met them a youth whose passion forsooth,
Gave an angry glow to his cheek;
He looked in the face of his Chaucerian grace
And in this wise began to speak:

“Please do not infer, oh, thrice honored sir,
That the least disrespect is meant,
When I say that last night at your Grace’s dog-fight,
There befel me an accident.

“When I came to take leave, will your honor believe,
Of that stylish Knox hat of mine,
Found I not a trace, but lo! in its place,
Was this—which surely is thine.”

“ ’Tis false, my dear child,” said G—— with a smile,
“That hat I never have seen.”
But down fell the lining and there on the binding,
Was the name of H. Eveleth G——.

“And to speak truth,” said this wily youth,
“The hat that was mine, I trow,
Is certainly seen, my dear Doctor G——,
In the one that circles your brow.”

“You young Ananias,” said G—— with defiance,
“Know that the words you fling,
Will have the direct and fatal effect
Of making you fail next spring.”

And G—— in his scorn would fain have moved on,
To a spot more peaceful than that;
But the youth interposed ’till the doctor disclosed
The student’s name in his hat.

Without saying more, the moral I'm sure
Is plain to all who hear;
For everyone knows than even in prose
Nothing could be more clear.

So ye who are yearning for Old English learning,
Be wary of knowledge unseen;
For this story will link in indelible ink
With the name of H. Eveleth G——.

“Balled Up.”



In his quiet and guarded corner the great Ball is at rest,
When the door is gently opened by a brave hand firmly pressed.

Slowly and with caution the suppliant draws near,
His face is full of longing, but his heart is full of fear.

For there within that loose bound book, alas! how well he knows,
All the examination marks are stored in awful rows.

Those marks which tell of many hours, of many weary days,
Which have been passed in study, or perhaps—in other ways.

He feels the look of questioning upon the wise man's face,
And leaning on the railing, he strives to “take a brace.”

His legs begin to tremble and his breath to go and come,
And he tries to ask the question but he seems as though struck dumb.

At last with one great effort he manages to speak,
And in weak and trembling accents says, “Have you my mark in Greek?”

The Registrar without a smile throws open that dread book,
And glances through the pages with a quick, impatient look.

Then, gazing in his victim's eyes, as if 'twere all a bore,
He pronounces in a steady tone the simple numeral “four.”

There comes upon that student's face a look of grief and pain,
And bowing to “the man of fate,” he seeks the world again.

Alas! that all poor students, who have “flunked” in their exams.,
Should have to come to “Tommy's” desk like sacrificial lambs.

Correspondence of a College Student.



DEAR MAMMA:—I would have written sooner but have been trying to find a good boarding house. I went to the Young Men's Christian Association and consulted their list of boarding houses, but to my great distress, found it was, as other advertising mediums, unreliable. After putting the young fellow to so much trouble, I offered to pay him; he said he did not want money, but wanted me to join the Association. So I thought I would, since the Dean had advised it, and yesterday sent in my name. This morning I received a bill for dues, payable in advance.

The Gymnasium seems to be a great meeting place for the Senior Class. It is awful to see what they do there. Some of the fellows were pitching pennies for keeps. While I was watching them, one of the pennies rolled away and they could not find it—because I had my foot on it. When they went away I picked it up and put it in my pocket. I played billiards with my new friend, Tom. He said I was getting on fine—I paid for the games. There is an organization here called the Pot Socials. The first I knew of it, "I got in it." The fellows were as rough and mean as they could be and pushed me from one side to the other until Dr. Colonel came in and stopped it. I gave them a rough tussle and don't think they will do it again; however, I am not going there any more, because I am afraid I will lose my temper and fight the whole crowd.

Must close now. Please write soon,—for I am lonely here. Lovingly,
YOUR DUTIFUL SON.

From Same as Junior.

DEAR MOTHER:—Owing to pressing college duties, I have delayed answering your letter (for a few days) until I could snatch a few moments from study. Things are progressing "out of sight." Last Friday I got off my Latin condition, so I am the much desired matriculate, at last. The Dean and I are great friends. I call on him very often and he always sends me a note beforehand, telling me when I can see him.

We all clubbed together and bought a phonograph, so we could get the drift of Dr. Ames' lectures on Physics. When we have the lectures ground out, we have the machine run at just one-quarter the regular speed, and we manage to take some notes. It is a great scheme. You asked me for a list of my expenses; so I will give them here. You may think them large, but it is necessary for a man to keep up a certain appearance and do certain things. One good thing about this place is, that there are no evil influences brought to bear on a student.

Expenditures are as follows:—

Initiation fee and dues to Y. M. C. A., per 3 mo.	\$ 6 00
Stamps for answering Dean's notes,	3 50
Mucilage at Posner's,	1 54
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, dues,	15 00
Carriage hire to attend funerals,	23 00
Room rent and board for the month,	94 00

I paid the washwoman out of my own money this time, so you need not mind that.

The landlady is charging me for the gas I use, and I have been studying quite late. This bill is about \$16.00 for two months. Please send me money for same, as this amount is due very soon. I have to do all my studying at night, for all my afternoons are taken up with Physical Laboratory. First year lab. work in Physics is very hard. Hoping you will find the above named list satisfactory, I am,

Affectionately, your son,

How is Dad?

HENRY.

From Same as Senior.

DEAR FATHER:—I would have written sooner, but have not been feeling well. Soon after I returned from the "Trilby" reading at Prof. Smilax's house, Thursday evening, I began to feel badly, having that tired feeling, so common after three hours of "Love's Labors Lost," and "Too Much To Do About Everything." To add to my state of restlessness, I found that in the hurry to get away from the reading, someone had taken my new hat and had left an old one in its place, so I wish you would send the \$6.00 for a new one.

We are all required to supply ourselves with regulation notebooks this year and they are quite expensive. My bill is \$7.50 for Chemistry and Physics notebooks.

You say the Dean sent you a note about my being absent from classes. I forgot to tell you that one of the fellows told me he was going to send that as a joke on me. I guess it is because the Dean and I are such great friends that he singled him out—you know the President always sends such notices when they are thought necessary—a rare thing. You also say you were not able to find the rules I was speaking about in the Register. Mr. Ball told me he had forgotten to put them in the Register, and that I could explain them to you myself, but it is late now and I have to get up early to-morrow for a quiz in philosophy. They always come early in the morning.

I am glad you received the report. Mr. Ball also told me to tell you that the blank reports were old ones and that the marking system had been revised since those were issued, and now 4 is highest, $3\frac{1}{2}$ next, and so on. I did pretty well, don't you think so? I will write soon again. Please send the money.

Aff. yrs.

HENRY.

The Song of the Shells.



Oh, there was a young man at Hopkins,
Who thought he could play any game,
Be it tennis, or football, or poker,
To him it was one and the same.

One day he had just won at poker,
And his pockets were wadded with pelf ;
He was strolling along towards Clifton,
Thinking pretty d—n well of himself.

When there on the road by the railway,
A sporty young man he did see,
Who was playing some queer game like checkers
With a board and three shells and a pea.

“ Oh, what is that game ? ” said young J—y,
And why do you handle the shell ?
Are you playing for love or for money ?
Just please be so kind as to tell . ”

“ I am playing for money, young feller , ”
Said the chap, and his face wore a smile ;
“ You’re simply to guess where the pea is,
And then I hand over this pile .

“ Just see how the others are winning,
Why, I’m more’n half broken right now ;
But then when the luck is agin you,
There is no good in raising a row . ”

J—y watched, and his face grew excited,
And his eyes were all shining with joy,
While his hand went deep down in his pockets,
And there with the wad he did toy .

Thoughts flew in his head of great winnings,
He would go on a bat for the night ;
He would have all the fellows to supper,
He would just have a time out of sight .

And then with a hand that was trembling,
His wad from his pocket he took ;
And then at the pea, shell, and board,
He gazed with a long, searching look.

Meanwhile the sporty young fellow
Was handling the pea with a smile,
“ I'll bet you it's right under that one,”
Said J., and he handed his pile.

Oh, alas ! for his great hope of winning !
Oh, alas ! for the supper that night !
Oh, alas ! for the fellows invited,
For their time was indeed out of sight.

For when that small nut-shell was lifted,
And the space underneath was laid bare,
Oh, think ! there was nothing beneath it,
Save the board and the cloth and the air.

And so, as his wealth was expended,
Sore at heart turned he slowly away,
And bitterly cursed he the luck he had had,
And bitterly cursed he the day.

There's a moral in this little story,
And this is the lesson it tells :
Don't think because you play poker,
You can beat any man with three shells.



WHO is that man with head so high ?
Who is that man with the loud neck-tie ?
Who is that man with the heavy moustache ?
Who is that man with the bushy eye-lash ?
Who is that man, the swing of whose arms
Fills Freshman and Senior alike with alarms ?
Student and foot-ballist united here,
Who is this man whom fashions all fear ?
Who is this man whom each Freshman dodges ?
Poor ignorant reader, that man is Great Hodges.

Why is a College President—

"One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous."—Thomas Paine.



It chanced upon a wintry day,
In chilling sleet and mist,
That Mac. and I slow took our way
To where "Das Bier sehr gut ist;"
And as we passed by Levering Hall,
Around the corner came
Our "'Varsity's" most learned head,
Dan G——n, 'tis the same.
Now, trousers of a largish plaid
Adorned his shapely limbs,
And through his whiskers zephyrs sad
Chanted aeolian hymns.
"A liberal man" I said,
"His views need no expanding;
Stands well, in books deep read
He has good under-standing."

Like Unto a Skirt Dancer!?

That very selfsame winter's night,
To drive dull care away,
Did Mac and I, in raiment bright,
Go in to see the play.
With flying skirts each danseuse coy
Tripped gaily in the lights,
And smiling sweetly at each boy,
Recalled "Arabian Nights."
Between the acts, with cigarette,
We criticised the show :
"What think you Mac. of Miss Yrette
She wore the red, you know ?
"A liberal girl" he said
"She does not need expanding;
Stands well, in looks deep red,
And has good under-standing."





To Tad.

(*A Satire.*)



Night after night
By the steady light
Of my student, I grind and grind,
And I fill my pipe
To my heart's delight
Till the smoke near makes me blind.

For I'm this kind—
To fill my mind
With knowledge is my aim,
Have marks I must
They bring the dust,
Though eyes and health I strain.

My classmates say
"Come, put away
Your books, then chips we'll find."
In things of that sort
I see no sport, '
I'd rather work and grind.

Let some agree
That fun they see,
When fussing with their best,
But I'm the grind
And for my kind,
High marks alone are blest.

And when at last
Through college passed,
I have entered in the mill
Of after life
Through every strife,
The grind I'll cling to still.

To Bertie.



Who is this youth so debonair
With open face and well slicked hair,
Whose manners equal Chesterfield's,
Who well the tennis racquet wields,
Whose whistle, syren-like and sweet,
Allures the maidens on the street—
A modern Philip Sidney he,
This gallant, courteous B. M. T.

Now turn the picture, you will see
The other side of B. M. T.
Alas! he's a deceiver gay,
On weather topics prates away;
The naughty twinkle in his eye
Reveals a lot of deviltry;
Beware, take care, he's fooling thee,
This slippery bluffer, B. M. T.

'96 and '97.

March 4, 1895.



While learned Professors were intent
On some new scientific jargon,
While janitors were off the scent,
Or in the circumambient argon,
The valiant men of Ninety-six
Resolved the Freshman class to leaven,
And perpetrate unheard-of tricks
On unsuspecting Ninety-seven.

They congregated near the "gym.,"
And firmly stood shoulder to shoulder,
They waited patiently, but grim,
To seize upon a human boulder.

It came at length. From side to side
They chucked it in unstinted measure,
Until the Freshman nearly died,
And Juniors had their fill of pleasure.

But Ninety-seven, with a rush,
Sped quickly to their mate's assistance,
And then there was a fearful crush
Along the line of least resistance.
Cravats were quickly turned to threads,
And hats were jammed or sadly shattered,
Full many a coat was torn to shreds,
And many a beauty badly battered.

Long locks were scattered to the breeze—
The dude no longer was a dandy;
Men fell as fast as leaves from trees,
While some one fetched a glass of brandy.
A sorrier set was never seen
Under the canopy of heaven,
Than the remains of what had been
Once Ninety-six and Ninety-seven.

—J. H. U., '83.



DREAM — "POT-SOCIAL"

A Tale of Logic.



Geo. D. Brown was meek and mild,
Had the voice of a child,
But his questions were so wild
That, indeed, the Dean he riled.

Down upon poor Brown he sat,
Called his questions poor and flat,
And he intimated that
Brown was talking through his hat.

Brown in Logic still is seen,
Heard his voice ne'er has been
Since that day his questions keen
Were so set on by the Dean.



WHY CRYING LIKE A BABY ?

Who?



Who always acts so dignified,
Whom we should always take as guide,
Who, smiling, comes to every quiz
When he scarce knows where the lesson is;
Who thinks he's hot stuff with the wimmen,
Who hates to have one soil his linen?

'Tis Pleasants.

Who works so hard, both night and day,
With L. E. P. and Y. M. C. A.,
Who fairly worships Brooks and Dreyer,
Who teaches boys to go up higher,
Who tells queer tales with such a gush
That 'twould make old Anthony Comstock blush?

'Tis Lawrie.

Who is this man with full-moon face,
Who took the tulip in Eutaw Place,
Who in every scrap I've ever seen
Has always mixed up with the Dean,
Who, like a bull, goes through the line,
Who tackles runs and slugs so fine?

'Tis Janney

Who is this one with hair so bright,
Who when he smiles shuts both eyes tight,
Whose name's the same as H. B. B.,
Who in wrath they say's not worth a crack,
Who back to Ninety-six will pass,
The funniest Mark we've in our class?

'Tis Thomas.



?

R is a Dutchman who came from Lorraine,
And is teaching Americans French.
Much ado about nothing—a fact very plain,
Bad phonetics unable to quench.
“Each dog has its day,” mon Français distraît,
And I sing to myself this comforting lay,
Until Trustees obliging put you out of the way.



Grinds.

“*Fools are my theme ; let satire be my song.*”—Byron.



- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| FACULTY. | “God made them, therefore let them pass for men.” |
| PRESIDENT. | <p>“I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.”—<i>Cowper</i>.</p> <p>“Whate’er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone ’twas natural to please.”—<i>Dryden</i>.</p> |
| FACULTY AND
STUDENTS. | <p>“Young men think old men are fools,
But old men know young men are fools.”
—<i>Chapman</i>.</p> |
| EXAMS. | <p>“Oh that a man might know
The end of this day’s business ere it come.”
—<i>Shakespeare</i>.</p> |
| POST GRADUATES. | <p>“The kings of modern thought are dumb.”
—<i>Matthew Arnold</i>.</p> |
| EDITORS. | <p>“Hear ye not the hum of mighty workings; one
writer, for instance, excels at a plan, another
works away at the body of the book, and a third
makes a dab at an index.—<i>Goldsmith</i>.</p> <p>“’Tis pleasant sure to see one’s name in print,
A book’s a book, although there’s nothing in’t.”
—<i>Byron</i>.</p> |
| CLASS OF ’95. | <p>“Above the vulgar flight of common souls.”
—<i>Arthur Murphy</i>.</p> |
| CLASS OF ’96. | <p>“Retains the obtrusive freshness of last year, with-
out the virtuous innocence.”—<i>Anon</i>.</p> |
| CLASS OF ’97. | <p>“Behold the child by nature’s kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.”
—<i>Pope</i>.</p> |
| BALLAGH. | <p>“That when a man fell into his anecdotage, it was
a sign for him to retire.—<i>Disraeli</i>.</p> <p>“Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.”—<i>Gay</i>.</p> |
| BANSEMER. | <p>“Who goeth a borrowing, goeth a sorrowing.”
—<i>Tusser</i>.</p> <p>“That moss upon your chin proclaims you’re mor-
tal.”—<i>Shakespeare</i>.</p> |

- BISSING. "Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long."
—*Dryden.*
- BLACK. "Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself."
—*Milton.*
- "What a beard hast thou got there,
Hast got more hair on thy face than Dobbin,
My still horse, on his tail."—*Anon.*
- BRANCH, B. H. "Beard was never a true standard for brains."
—*Anon.*
- "So spake the grisly terror."
—*Milton: Paradise Lost.*
- BRANCH, C. H. H. "I was Presbyterian true blue."—*Butler.*
- "Besides it is known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle."—*Butler.*
- BROWN, G. D. "The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."—*Isaac Watts.*
- BROWN, LAWRASON. "He was a very parfit gentil knight,
There was no man nowher so vertuous."
—*Chaucer.*
- BUCKLER. "Nowher so bisy a man as he there nas,
And yet he semed bisier than he was."—*Chaucer.*
- "He knew wel the taverns in every toun."—*Chaucer.*
- "Spirits when they please can either sex assume."
—*Milton.*
- CLARK. "He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought."
—*Dryden.*
- COBLENS. "Up! Up! my friend and quit your book,
Or surely you'll grow double."—*Wordsworth.*
- "Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works."
—*Shakespeare.*
- FOSTER. "The ruins of himself! now worn away
With age, but still majestic in decay."—*Pope.*
- GRAY. "The mildest manners, with the bravest mind."
—*Pope.*

- GREENBAUM. "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—*Burns*.
- "Some men were born for great things,
Others were born for small;
Some, it is not recorded,
Why they were born at all."—*Anon*.
- HARVEY. "Bid me discourse and I will enchant thine ear."
—*Shakespeare: Venus and Adonis*.
- "It would talk—
Lord, how it talked."—*Beaumont and Fletcher*.
- HUBNER. "For he by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale."—*Butler*.
- JAMES. "Here is a man who is always enquiring, and is not
to be convinced all in a moment, nor by every
argument."—*Plato: Phaedo*.
- JANNEY. "Of his statue he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly delivere and greet of strengthe."
—*Chaucer*.
- "In every deed of mischief he had a heart to re-
solve, a head to contrive and a hand to execute."
—*Gibbon*.
- KAUFMAN. "He might have been a very clever man by nature,
for aught I know, but he laid so many books
upon his head, his brains could not move."
—*Robert Hall*.
- KILVERT. "A good old beer,
A pipe that stings and bites,
A girl in Sunday clothes—
These are my three delights."—*Old Song*.
- MULLEN. "His looks do argue him replete with modesty."
—*Shakespeare*.
- OLIVER. "Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"—*Gay*.
- "None but himself can be his parallel."—*Theobald*.
- PARKER. "There lies a deal of deviltry beneath his mild ex-
terior."
"A man who could make so vile a pun would not
scruple to pick a pocket."—*St. Dennis*.
- PINDELL. "That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified
in, and the best of me is diligence."
—*Shakespeare*.

- PLEASANTS. "Still to be neat, still to be drest
As if you were going to a feast."—*Ben Jonson*.
"There was a laughing devil in his sneer."—*Byron*.
- PÖETTER. "Hè would not with a peremptory tone
Assert the nose upon his face his own."—*Cowper*.
"And of his port as meke as is a mayde."—*Chaucer*.
- ROBINSON. "I am sure care is the enemy to life."
—*Shakespeare*.
- ROSENHEIM. "With just enough learning to misquote."—*Byron*.
- RUSK. "Our Rusk is a salad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree.
—*Samuel Johnson*.
- STROBEL. "For love is blind and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit."
—*Shakespeare*.
"Still amorous, fond and billing."—*Butler*.
- THOMAS. "Often the cock-loft is empty in those whom nature
has built so many stories high."—*Fuller*.
"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."—*Milton*.
- TORRENCE. "I am the very pink of courtesy."—*Shakespeare*.
"Nor knew fond youth, it was himself he loved."
- WATERS. "Shut up in measureless content."—*Shakespeare*.
"His soul enamoured with fernology and ditch-
wateristics."—*Dickens (adapted)*.
- WATKINS. "We grant although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it."
- WHITAKER.
(The Anarchist.) "I will neither yield to the song of the siren, nor
the voice of the hyena, the tears of the croco-
dile nor the howling of the wolf."—*Chapman*.
- WILLIAMS. "A merrier man
Within the limits of becoming mirth,
Thou never spent an hour's talk withal."
—*Shakespeare*.
"An ass is always known by his bray."
- FORMER MEMBERS. "Not lost, but gone before."—*Henry*.

EMERICH.
(Bow-wow.)

"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."
—*Shakespeare.*

STILES.
"One Pinch, a hungry, lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy."—*Shakespeare.*





CARROLL GETTING HIS OUTFIT FOR "MIDAS."

"Boys," said he, "my outfitter was just like a dream."

Echoes.

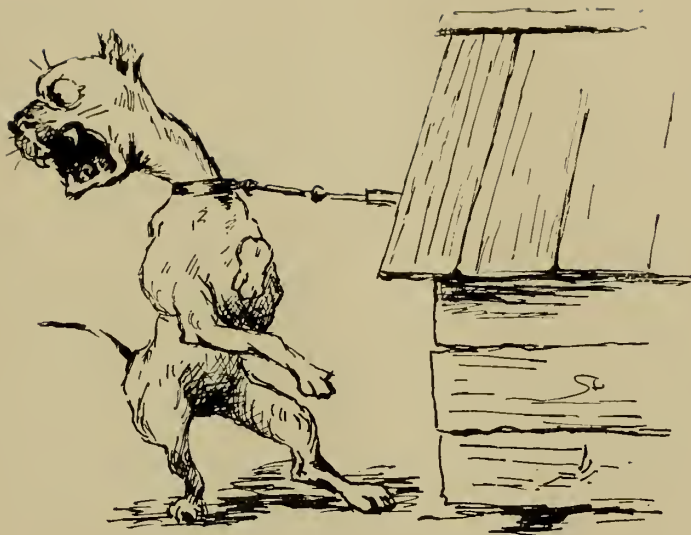
"A college joke to cure the dumps."—Swift.



DR. R—MB—AU.—Where did you spend the summer, Mr. B?

B.—I have been on the Topographical Survey, Doctor.

DR. R—MB—AU.—Ah! I never heard of that place—a mountain resort, I suppose?



SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF BOW-WOW.

DURING EXAMS.

DR. R—MB—AU (sternly).—Mr. K., you are looking on Mr. B's paper.

MR. K. (indignantly).—Indeed I am not, sir! He hasn't written as much as I have.

MR. H. (interested in church history).—Doctor, what relation was the Golden Bull to the golden calf?

B—LL—GH (reciting in History Class).—The struggle was between the septics (skeptics) and—(painful pause.)

DR. V.—Well, who were the antiseptics?

DR.—The book states that Queen Elizabeth was sitting under a large oak tree when she heard the joyful news of her accession. I fail to see why the oak tree should be given such prominence.

STUDENT.—Doctor, historians must show the shady side of life.

IN GEOLOGY CLASS.

DR.—Mr. A., will you describe the process of formation of the Chesapeake Bay?

MR. A.—The antediluvian animals dug it out for nests.

O HUNGRY JOE.

Dearest Hungry, thou hast left us,
We thy presence always need,
And especially if the Juniors
Should attempt to steal our feed.

DEAN.—Mr. Pindell, we can easily cause ourselves to see double images. Describe to the class how you would go about making yourself see double.

(Pindell is greatly embarrassed, and the class hugely amused.)

GREENBAUM.—Why — look — Doctor — Don't you think a great deal of economic disorder was caused by those rich Dutch *Poltroons* on the Hudson?

DR. EM—TT.—Mr. Oliver, tell me what I have in mind.

DEAN.—Mr. James, illustrate a process of inductive reasoning—take some familiar example.

JAMES.—Well, Griffin, if I am in the habit of taking a *cup of coffee* —

(He is interrupted by the Dean's falling over a chair in a dead faint.)



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To the Methodist College,
That hot-bed of knowledge,
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II.

And when she got there,
On her curly brown hair,
 A classical cap she adjusted :
And she strutted around
All in stately black, gowned—
 At the end of the term—*she got busted !*

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But no avail, soon for the pale
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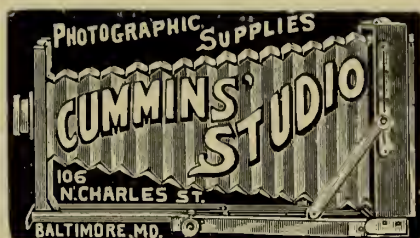
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